

show-off

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Relationship:	Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Clay Dream/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , GeorgeNotFound/Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF)
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Additional Tags:	Dom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Sub Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Top GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Service Top Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , Power Bottom GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF) , a lot happens ok , Brat Clay Dream (Video Blogging RPF) , Switch Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Dom Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , Dirty Talk , Orgasm Delay/Denial , Orgasm Control , Humiliation , Verbal Humiliation , Degradation , Praise Kink , Pet Names , Sir Kink , Exhibitionism , Voyeurism , Accidental Voyeurism , its mostly on-purpose voyeurism , Rimming , Anal Sex , Sex Toys , Webcam/Video Chat Sex , Safe Sane and Consensual , Character Development , Feelings Realization , Porn with Feelings , Angst and Fluff and Smut , Light Angst , Aftercare , Sharing a Bed , It's not gay if it's a threeway , Threesome - M/M/M , Sapnap-centric (Video Blogging RPF) , Sub Sapnap (Video Blogging RPF) , like I said...its a Lot , feelings talk , Porn With Plot , Happy Ending , Hopeful Ending
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by [hetheyification](#)

Summary

George has always been one to give Dream what he wants. Even if he makes Dream work for it, or has to spend hours, weeks, or years breaking down walls to get him to admit to his desires. He wishes he could say this one was a surprise to him, but George knows it was he who had planted the seed of this idea in Dream's mind, had watered it with his words and nurtured it with careful hands.

Dream has always been a bit of a show-off. He enjoys people watching his skills on YouTube and Twitch or admiring his placements at the tops of speedrunning and MCC practice leaderboards. This, though....this desire was new, awoken by the ideas George

won't stop murmuring into his ear in the dark of night. It had taken root in his mind and not only refused to leave, but sprouted and grew into something uncontrollable, to the point it's all he can think about. He wants to put on a show.

And Sapnap? Well, he's always been one to help his friends out.

Notes

a/n: this is an alternate universe where sapnap doesn't know much about kink/BDSM for writing purposes. he could be a kinky motherfucker irl idk

also: dnfs safe words are the traffic light system (red =stop, yellow=hold on/slow/check in with me, green=all good), and signals if they can't use their words for whatever reason are two taps = keep going, pinch = stop.

they probably should've explained those to sapnap better than they did -_-

thank you to [ekae](#) for beta-ing and always hearing out my brain rots <3

as with any fanfic, this doesn't represent their irl relationships, if their boundaries ever change it will be deleted, don't download and/or repost, and do not link to ANY ccs in chat or under tweets.

omniscient narrator but sapnap-centric btw

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

show-off

Chapter Notes

UPDATE 9/27/21

art added thank you to my beautiful best friend and beta [ekae!!](#)

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

ex·hi·bi·tion·ism

/ˌeksəˈbiʃHəˌnizəm/

1. extravagant behavior that is intended to attract attention to oneself.

Sapnap's eyes dart over the definition given by google once, twice, a third time as he runs the words through his head. Sure, Dream does have millions of eyes on him at all times, but he doesn't seem to revel in the way his every move, every interaction, is hyperanalyzed by fans and critics alike.

Well, the other half of Sapnap's brain chimes in, he does have a tendency to respond to *everything* on twitter, be it another streamer acting hypocritically, a fan making fun of his layout, or whatever the hell that "mickey mouse + ratio" thing was, and always enjoys scrolling through all the replies.

His eyes continue down the page, reading the second definition provided.

2. PSYCHIATRY: a mental condition characterized by the compulsion to display one's genitals in public.

Ok that *definitely* was incorrect. Dream doesn't show people his *face*, let alone his...nevermind. But also, paradoxically, this seemed closer to what he was looking for? His eyes move further down the page in time with his scroll wheel, his cursor hovering over the first link that's not some sterile wikipedia article or an entry from the DSM-5.

"Exhibitionism Sexual Kink and Fantasy - What is an Exhibitionist?" He chews on the side of his lip absentmindedly, not knowing why he's hesitating; it seems like exactly what he needs to know. He's not some kid on his parents' computer anymore, worrying about who might be looking through his internet history or typing "p" into the search bar with the intention of going to "pinterest" and not "pornhub." He clicks on the link.

He's taken to Cosmopolitan, garish colors blaring "Here's Your Everything-to-Know Guide on Consensual Exhibitionism" in a font size far, *far* too big for the situation. He tabs out quickly, haunted by what happened to Dream on Christmas when he was interrupted during their viewing session of a certain, uh, video. He blushes at the memory.

He opens it on his phone instead, feeling slightly relieved at the knowledge that he could just click it locked or swipe out of the browser instead of very conspicuously having to open a new tab should a certain someone enter the door behind him. He sits, shifting in his chair and still worrying his lip between his teeth as he reads through the article....and, yeah. It makes a *lot* of sense. It makes a lot of things that have happened since George moved into their Florida home, since the

start of his two best friends' in-person, physical, relationship make a *lot more sense*.

He put up with a lot, he realized after the fact, from his best friends and their weird, on again, off again online relationship full of lewd jokes and banter that they escalated slowly every time. For the longest time, it seemed like he, as well as the two actually semi-involved with each other, weren't sure where their relationship stood, where jokes stopped and real feelings of love and lust stepped in.

They seemed to have figured it out way before Sapnap did, though. For him, it wasn't until one fateful night when he woke up and saw his friends active in their "chilling" voice channel and joined, before leaving *as fast as possible*. One awkward joint apology and a text discussion about the value of private calls later, and the nature of Dream and George's relationship became *explicitly* clear.

He couldn't necessarily say that's when *this* had started though. By now, Sapnap had been living with Dream for almost seven months, nearing the same number of years they've been friends. It was bound to happen eventually, somehow, and it made sense the way it had, with Dream's office and PC downstairs, the door to it located between the staircase and the entrance to the kitchen.

One night, while the international travel ban was still in place, he'd been making his way from where he'd been working at the kitchen table, ready to retire upstairs for the night with a dead headset and a nearly-there laptop, when he hears the sound of a needy whine and a drawn out "Georgeee, please," escaping the half-open office door.

His first thought was that they were playing Minecraft, although it was odd that they hadn't let Sapnap in on recording plans, and it was a much later hour than they'd normally stream. The tone of Dream's voice was also noticeably different from the way he would say those exact same words during a Manhunt or challenge video, far headier and more...desperate. Genuinely *desperate*, not about wanting to win a stupid block game.

He was just about to go past the door carrying his laptop and headphones under his arm when he heard it and froze, unsure what to do. He didn't *want* to stay here, listening to exactly what he knew was happening in the dark room, but the thought of Dream hearing him walk by, of *knowing* that he knew, it made his stomach flip.

More noise jolted Sapnap from his thoughts, this time not vocal but a wet sound and a shuddery gasp. He knew the room's setup from spending time in there himself, knew how the desk was facing a window on the far wall and how Dream would be sat in his tall office chair with his back to the door.

He was more worried about George's quasi-presence, unsure if Dream would have his face camera on, allowing George to see his silhouette flit past the open door. He told himself it probably wasn't on, and resigned himself to walking quickly past the doorframe, eyes glued to the floor in front of him and blush spreading over his cheekbones.

What Sapnap didn't know, was that not only was Dream's webcam definitely on, displayed on his own second monitor, sitting next to the feed relaying George's face and intoxicating voice on his main one, but that George knew he hadn't gone upstairs yet, that the layout of the house would require him to walk past the office.

He didn't know that George had been teasing Dream with his words all night, trying to time this correctly to see what the youngest man's reaction would be. It was about what he expected, trying to ignore it as it was happening, but George wanted to know if he would tease them about it the next day in a call all together. He didn't, even though no one was streaming, and George and Dream

were left to make dirty jokes that Sapnap felt he was insinuating too much from as the couple enjoyed the stutter in his speech and the lack of his usual snarky comebacks.

What Sapnap *definitely* didn't know was what George was murmuring into Dream's ears through his headset, telling him all about how Sapnap was downstairs, how he could probably hear them from where he was sat in the kitchen, that he was frozen outside the office door, even if for just a second.

That he might've wanted to hear more, to know that George had done this to him-it didn't matter who 'him' was, it was Dream, Sapnap, both of them, all of them-on purpose. He told him Sapnap might be turned on, might go upstairs and touch himself in the same way he was allowing Dream to right then.

It didn't matter if it was true or not, in the moment. All that mattered, to George, was the delight he found in discovering this new way of working Dream up, that he had found a new *thing* for him to explore, a thing that he was unsure if even Dream knew about, or acknowledged as a kink.

All that mattered to Dream was the fact that George had gotten so excited over his reaction to the dirty talk, even if he didn't see why it was such a big deal, and let him come quickly that night, spilling into his hand as dark brown eyes looked at him hungrily through pixels on a screen.

There had been other moments, too, the most prominent ones in his mind being after George had moved in. Things that had seemed innocuous or completely accidental, and perhaps they were. At least, at first.

There had been the times he had wandered into the kitchen late at night for a snack or a water bottle to find the pair fully awake, still used to the sleep schedule they'd curated to manage the time difference between the east coast and the U.K. Sometimes it was normal, the two of them making "dinner," if you can call a meal eaten at four a.m. "dinner," sometimes ridiculously sappy in a way that caused pangs in Sapnap's chest at the sight of them sharing a pair of headphones, slow dancing to a song he couldn't hear and holding each other tightly.

And sometimes, though it seemed these occasions were increasing in frequency, it would be George seated on the tall countertops or Dream pressed up against the fridge, their legs wrapped around the other and hands pushing on backs and pulling at hair like they can never get close enough as they kiss furiously.

Sometimes, Sapnap could sneak away quietly, resigning himself to filling an empty bottle at the bathroom tap. But more often, Dream's keen ears would pick up on his entrance and Sapnap would be met with a dark gaze from where his mouth was working over George's neck, or a knowing smirk looking down at him from where ruffled blond hair was pressed into the cold steel of the fridge.

The first couple of times, Sapnap had frozen like a deer in headlights, turned on his heel, and walked away, not wanting to interrupt. But after nearly two months of this nonsense? He'd just about had it, and would push past the two of them with a huff, opening a cabinet next to their heads to grab a granola bar or insisting they move to the freezer side of the fridge to grant him access to the beverages inside.

Fuck had they gotten *bolder* though. Sapnap's nonchalant and dismissive reactions seemingly only added fuel to the fire. But what was he supposed to do? He loves his best friends more than anything, and loves how they love each other, even if in a slightly (read: very) different way. He's not a confrontational guy, and doesn't want to come across as bitter, or jealous, or worst of all, unsupportive.

That was Sappnap, his role in the relationship, it felt like sometimes, as he bounces between discord calls when the two were having a disagreement, trying to mediate situations and maintain peace within their trio, even long before the pair started dating.

What was he supposed to *do*? Ask them to stop kissing in front of him? That would surely come across the wrong way, and on top of that was just totally untrue. He wishes he could say he simply didn't mind it, but in reality it brings butterflies to his stomach and pangs to his heart whenever he witnesses an intimate moment shared between the couple.

He wishes he could chalk it up to base-level horniness, that he was touch starved from an extended period of social distance and quarantine and the fact that he'd been alone with his right hand for so long. But it wasn't just the suggestive comments that held a lot more weight now that they could be fulfilled in person, nor the make out sessions he would stumble across on the couch, or the counters, or in the shower of the bathroom he shared with George, or the laundry room, or the- well. There was hardly a spot in the large home that hadn't been desecrated by the couple, now that he thinks about it.

It wasn't even the proof he could see of their...activities after the fact, the hickeys on George's neck that stood out beautifully against his pale skin, carefully placed where they could be hidden under a high-collared sweater or the hood of a sweatshirt. Nor was it the way Dream tends to make breakfast shirtless now, pajama pants hanging low on his hips to reveal red scratch lines on his back, crescent indents lingering below his waist, and the occasional purple bruise around his wrists or the on the sides of his throat, just below his jawline.

It was the hands brushing over lower backs as the pair passed each other in the kitchen, it was the arms slung over shoulders as they watched a movie on the couch, it was the legs splayed over the others lap with Patches in between them. It was all the little things, just as much as the big.

And then there had been The Incident.

It was a little over a month since George had moved in, so a few weeks ago as Sappnap sits and remembers what happened, heat rising to his face all the while. He had come home from skateboarding outside for a few hours. He had hung his keys up on the wall next to the other sets, toed his shoes off and tucked them away, like usual. He had crossed through the foyer into the living room, and completely frozen again, stomach dropping at the sight of Dream bent over the elbow of their L-shaped couch, right where it faces the entranceway.

"Jesus-fuck!" he exclaimed, dropping his metal water bottle with a loud *clang!* on the hardwood floor as he brought his forearm up over his eyes. It didn't matter though, the scene was burned into the inside of his eyelids. He already knew the way that Dream looked up at him with wide eyes, the shocked look on his face that fell into one of pleasure as George didn't stop fucking into him-*he didnt stop*-would be burned into his mind forever, would replay behind his eyelids late at night. "You know you guys have *two* bedrooms, right?!"

When his vision was gone the sounds overtook him, an auditory hellscape designed perfectly and only for Sappnap, the sound of skin on skin only growing faster-*why wasn't he stopping*-a groan from Dream suddenly muffled, George saying nonchalantly "you're home early," so calmly, as if Sappnap had walked in in the two of them eating lunch-*why was he still going*-

Oh, Sappnap was *fucked*, and maybe he already knew this, maybe this was just the last piece of the puzzle that fell into place allowing him to see the bigger picture, because he felt like he was on *fire*, his stomach burned with want and his limbs were aching with the need to reach out and *touch*.

And he did, but not for what he really wanted, picking the bottle up from where it had landed and

standing back up quickly, trying not to let the pair of them see his burning face, the way his hand shook and trembled, fumbling the bottle and dropping it again.

It was like his body acted if his own volition when he snuck another glance at the scene on the couch, but this time he was met with teary emerald eyes, the red ring around them only bringing out their color more as George, with a smirk on his face and intent in his demeanor, gripped Dream's hair, pulling his head back as if to *force* him to look at Sapnap and *he didn't stop*.

All of it, he realized as he sat drumming his fingers on the wood of the breakfast table, had led up to where he sat in the kitchen across from George earlier that afternoon, a little over a week into August.

The eldest had taken advantage of Dream being gone working at the merch company to pull Sapnap aside, to initiate a conversation about a certain gift he wanted to give Dream for his upcoming birthday.

"You want me to-to watch?" He had repeated, unsure if he sounded disgusted, or dumbfounded, or somehow the worst option: eager.

"He does. And I...like seeing him get what he wants." George lies through his teeth. He does like seeing Dream get what he wants, even if he's the one denying it to him sometimes, hanging it over his head until he decides he deserves it. He wants Sapnap to watch *that*, to see how much power the blond lets him have.

Sure, the point was for Sapnap to watch Dream come undone, but George was the one who was going to make that happen. He wants Sapnap to watch *him* take him apart, watch *him* take control. Even if he wasn't going to admit that to anyone, including himself.

"O-okay, yeah," Sapnap cleared his throat, trying to sound sure of his words, "I mean... yeah. I'll do it."

"Cool," George said, far too nonchalantly for the situation.

"Cool." Sapnap looks down at where his blunt fingernails have been scratching the resin of the tabletop. Shit. He hopes he can blame it on Patches.

"Okay, second question..." Sapnap braces himself. If '*watch me fuck my boyfriend*'-or maybe it's '*watch my boyfriend get fucked*,' he's not sure. Is there a difference? it feels like there might be-was only the first question, what the hell is he in for now?

"Wanna join my stream soon?" George asked with a smirk on his face, as if he can see Sapnap's head spinning.

"You...you just asked me if I'll watch you have sex and now you're asking me if I want to play videogames?"

"Yeah." George shrugged as if to say *duh*.

How the hell did he find himself here? Sapnap laughed lightly, meeting brown eyes for the first time in a while, "Um, sure. Yeah."

"Good." George stood up, went to walk away before something called him back.

"Sapnap?" He waited to hear a quiet hum in response before continuing, "When-*if* you do-and you don't have to, I promise, no one will be disappointed if you don't-it doesn't have to, like, mean

anything. Or change anything. Dream and I figured that out a while ago."

Sapnap nodded and George walked away, telling him some details about what they'll be playing, and when, and with whom, but he didn't listen.

And now he was here, standing outside the doorway of the main bedroom of the house, the room Sapnap had come to think of as "Dream and George's room," as George tended to only use his room (the smallest in the house, probably intentionally) to stream, edit, and code from or use when one of them wanted to crash for a nap with their messed up sleep schedules without waking the other in Dream's large bed or bothering him while he's at his desk.

As he stands outside the door mustering up the guts to push it open, his mind flits to the memories of what had gotten him here in the immediate past.

He had been antsy sitting in his room, moving from his desk to his bed and back again, changing his clothes and worrying if he was wearing something inappropriate like he was back in high school going on his first date again. He kept picking his phone up, unlocking it, absentmindedly scrolling for a few seconds and putting it down again with a turn in his stomach, waiting for the text he knew was incoming.

It felt like time was *crawling*, minutes seemed like hours as he tried to imagine what was going on downstairs. The couple had retired from the small celebration George had put together earlier in the day. Just the three of them had enjoyed nostalgic games and Dream's favorite foods, knowing there was a full day of sending and responding to birthday wishes, discord calls with their friends who still lived states and continents away, and a dinner with Dream's family in store for tomorrow, on his actual birthday. But George and Sapnap knew he was getting his real present *tonight*.

Sapnap wasn't actually sure if Dream knew what George had arranged for him tonight. He knew that they had discussed this kink or fantasy or whatever you want to call it of Dream's before, but didn't know how hypothetical it all was. He didn't know if Dream was expecting George to be so bold as to actually rope their best friend into this, to bring it beyond words whispered into his ear and into reality.

It seemed Dream had at least a little inkling, that he figured he was in for *some* kind of special birthday sex, from the way he had carefully shaved his angular jaw, had artfully done his hair with some weird goop that Sapnap didn't know the purpose of, and had dabbed cologne behind his ears. Sapnap had teased him for that one, inhaling the spicy scent when Dream had plopped down on the couch next to him only to get a blush, a shove, and a half-hearted "shut up," in response.

It had been almost an *hour*. Sapnap could barely imagine having sex for that long, let alone just *foreplay*, and he hadn't even come into the picture yet. Sapnap's mind was working overtime remembering the way Dream had nuzzled his nose into George's neck when they were a little tipsy before Sapnap had told them, respectfully, to get a room, and imagining what they were doing in said room as he sat, spinning idly in his desk chair and busying himself with social media.

Finally-finally? was he excited for whatever was about to happen or anxious to get it over with?-a message from George popped up at the top of his screen.

whenever ur ready ;p

He took a steady breath, dropping his phone on his desk and running his hand over his face.

Now or never, a voice with a suspiciously British accent said in the back of his head. So before he could think about it much more, he rose, flicking his lights off and closing his bedroom door

before doubling back to spit out the minty gum he had been chewing.

Sapnap made his way downstairs towards where the master bedroom is nestled in a corner of the house and paused at the ajar door before pushing it open. The sight of the couple in the bed brings him crashing back to the present, to the reality of... this. all of it.

George is laying on top of Dream, settled between his legs in only his boxers with one large, tan hand on his hip and the other curled around the back of his neck, playing with dark brown curls that form from the Florida humidity.

They're totally enraptured in each other, kissing passionately, not realizing Sapnap is there yet. He inhales, breathing in the courage to knock lightly on the doorframe with one of his knuckles.

They didn't notice. *Of course they didn't*, Sapnap thinks, and he clears his throat, arms crossed across his chest and hands playing with the sleeves of his hoodie. George perks up, pulling away from their kiss, and turns to look at Sapnap, a grin on his face.

"Sapnap?" Dream asks, shifting George's body to make eye contact with the younger man standing silently in the doorframe. He's blushing at the sight of Dream's bare chest, even though it's something he's seen countless times.

"What's up?" Damn Dream for that soft tone of concern in his voice, worried that something was wrong and always willing to put aside everything to help a friend out. Well, now it's his turn.

"Um," he shrugs where he stands, "I'm here." That was one way to put it. One very blunt way.

"Uh, yeah." Dream looks at him expectantly, wanting a good reason for the interruption, "You are here. Why?" Sapnap can tell he's getting annoyed from the slight curtness in his voice, the way one eyebrow rises, questions why he's there.

Sapnap freezes. So it is a surprise. He doesn't know what to say, but luckily George talks for him.

"He is here, isn't he..." George runs a hand through his hair, now mussed from the way Dream had styled it earlier. He leans down to kiss Dream's neck, just below the shell of his ear but intentionally still speaking loudly enough for Sapnap to hear. "Here to watch, if you want."

Dream's eyes widen for a moment before they fall shut as he leans his head back against the pillows. "George," he breathes, "you didn't..."

"Happy birthday, Dream." The blond shivers as his partner's next words are whispered into his ear in a low voice. Sapnap can see the dangerous-looking smile on George's face from across the room.

"C'm'ere Sap," George says as he pulls away from Dream's neck, beckoning him over without looking at him. Sapnap thinks he would combust if he was, already flushing under the way emerald eyes track his movement across the room.

He's not sure where to go. George had called him over, clearly wanting him to be closer than standing in the doorframe. But sitting down, joining them on the *bed*, that's way more involved than he was invited to be.

Than you want to be, his conscious mind corrects the first thought that went through his brain.

Because he doesn't want to be involved, not like *that*, not beyond what he and George had discussed, he tries telling the thoughts that are racing through the back of his mind at the idea.

He settles for leaning against the tall desk that houses the laptop Dream uses for coding and business since he can carry it around with him, gripping it hard with both hands like he needs it for stability. Maybe he does.

"You-you're okay with this?" Dream's voice sounds meek, unsure. It's so different to any other tone he'd heard from the blond in almost ten years of friendship. He's always cocky, sometimes arrogant, confident in himself and his skills to the point it manifests in his voice even when he's not discussing them.

Now though, he sounds different. Looks different. His eyes are wider than normal as they look up at Sapnap, a slight pink tinge to his cheeks making the freckles that dust over them more obvious.

"Yeah," Sapnap shifts his weight, swallowing, "we, uh. Already talked about it."

"Oh." Dream seems surprised, then continues, shaking the thought out of his head, "yeah... yeah, of course."

"Flip," George says, patting his hip. He does so immediately, silently grateful for the opportunity to hide his face in his arms as he blushes furiously thinking about George and Sapnap discussing him, discussing *this*, without his presence.

"And you want this?" Sapnap has to hear Dream say it for himself before this goes any further.

The sound of him taking a deep breath and of the pillow he has his arms wrapped around shifting under him as he nods is deafening in the quiet bedroom.

"Words, please." George speaks softly, carding his fingers through wavy blond hair as he leans over him.

When Dream finally speaks it's quiet, his eyes are shut. "Yeah," he whispers like he's letting go of a secret he's held for a long time. He probably is.

"And George? You're sure?" The Brit was the one who had brought all of this up to him, but he still needs to hear it again. Needs to make sure nothing's changed.

"Wouldn't've asked you if I wasn't," George responds. Sapnap feels nervous at the excited smile on his face, the way it contrasts with the look in his eyes, darker than normal.

"Okay, then." With consent out of the way, this was happening. Happening *now*. God, how did he ever think he would be prepared for this? "I guess just...do your thing."

"Whoah, not there yet," George says, like Sapnap has any idea what he's doing right now. "Before I get into it, do *you* have any questions?"

Get into what? is the first question that pops into his head, but he settles on the one that's been burning in the back of his mind since George had sat him down at their dining room table last week.

"I guess, just..." the breath leaves Sapnap's chest as he looks at the tall man before him, chin propped up on folded arms and eyes closed as he feels George's hands on him, "why?"

George looks up at him with hair falling into his eyes and a flush face. His wide smirk is audible as he responds, "He's wanted someone to watch for a while..."

He looks back down at Dream with adoration in his eyes, running his hands up his thighs and

rubbing his thumbs near the seam of his leg and groin. Dream whimpers and buries his face in the plush pillow beneath him, tilting his hips up at the man behind him.

"And, well...there's no one we trust more than you, Sapnap." George breathes. He feels himself grow warm at the insinuation that he's the only one who could ever be in his position right now.

"Heh, love you too," Sapnap says after a short, breathy laugh. The tension that had built up in Dream's room falls around them as he returns to their old joke about George not being able to say "I love you" to his friends.

"Love you too," Dream repeats. Sapnap realizes it's the first time he's talked in a while, and his voice is shaky.

"You're an idiot." There it is, George's own way of saying "I love you," his audible smile taking away the potential sting of playful words.

"That's it, for me." Sapnap says. It wasn't much of an answer to his question of 'why?' but he has a feeling George's simple explanation will be all he gets at the moment. Dream doesn't appear to be in the mood to talk much at all, let alone to have to explain why the idea of his best friend watching him have sex apparently turns him on so much. "You can, uh," he tries to recall the way George had phrased it, "get into it."

"Okay. First off, no touching. Leave that to me." Sapnap is thrown off. Not from the rule he'd been given, he had figured as much, but because he had expected 'getting into it' to be, well, *getting into it*. He nods when George looks at him expecting a reply.

"Second, he-*we*," he corrects himself, "might say some things we don't really mean. We've talked about it all before, we know what's okay. Don't worry about it."

Sapnap nods again.

"If he wants something he can ask for it," George says commandingly with a tug on Dream's hair for emphasis. It's said to Dream himself as much as to Sapnap, and he can't tear his eyes away from how Dream's mouth falls open in silent bliss as he's talked about in the third person, "but it's up to you what you want to do. Nothing you're not comfortable with." George finishes concisely.

Sapnap's mind is occupied, musing over how expertly George is managing this whole situation, how he seems to be in tune with everyone's feelings and aware of their apprehensions in a way Sapnap's not confident he is with himself. When he next hears George's voice as his fingers card through Dream's soft waves of hair, it sounds tinny and far away.

"And if *anyone* says 'red,'" he continues, his voice much more serious than Sapnap has heard it during everything leading up to this exchange. It sounds like something he should pay attention to, but it's hard, like it takes far more effort than usual to process what George is saying, "it all stops. That goes for you too, Sapnap. Call red if you want a break, or to leave, or...anything, really."

Sapnap hums lightly in agreement, distracted by the pink blush spreading further across Dream's cheeks underneath his scattered freckles.

"Sapnap!" George says curtly, voice barking around the room, "pay attention. What did I just say?"

"R-red..." Sapnap repeats as he turns his attention towards the brunet who's currently staring him down. "Red means stop."

“Good boy.” The pet name falls instinctively from George’s lips before he can even process that he’s said it. He chuckles at the look on Sapnap’s face, his eyebrows raised in surprise, and the petulant whine that comes from Dream below him.

“Hush, baby...” George says softly, his hands gently holding Dream’s waist. “Force of habit,” he shrugs at Sapnap, still smiling. He’s feeling whiplash from how quickly and easily George shifts from talking to him to addressing Dream, the difference noticeable in his tone and inflections in a way Sapnap can’t put into words.

“You know you’re my good boy,” he murmurs. Dream seems appeased with the emphasis placed on ‘my,’ on the signal of ownership, and the feeling of a gentle kiss pressed into the small of his back, and burrows back down into the mattress.

George looks back at where Sapnap is standing at the desk, fidgeting with his hands, unsure what to do with them. His tongue absently draws his plush bottom lip into his mouth and Sapnap’s eyes track the movement intently. “It’s all play, Sap. Just for fun.”

“Okay,” he says with an exhale, feeling pressure lift from his shoulders as the atmosphere he didn’t realize had grown so heavy falls around them. He’s here, with his best friends, doing them a favor, doing something that was asked of him. From what he’s witnessed of the, uh, more intense nature of Dream and George’s sex life in ways that he now knows were nowhere *close* to accidental, he knows how the two of them give and take, ask things of each other and give in. *He can do that*, he thinks.

He pulls Dream’s desk chair away from where it sits abandoned in front of his second PC, swiveling it around and drawing it a few feet from the bed. He sits back into it, running his hands over his thighs, acutely aware of the fabric of his joggers underneath his fingers, and leans backwards, settling in.

"Good," George says to no one in particular, turning back to Dream as he hooks his fingers into the waistband of his dark jeans. "Gonna take these off now, okay?"

Dream gives a quiet *mhm* as he lifts his hips up, allowing George's hand to reach underneath him to undo his button and fly. He tugs two layers of fabric down over Dream's knees and shoves a pillow underneath his hips while they're still up in the air, keeping them there. Dream helps by shuffling his pants the rest of the way off, kicking them off the bed and leaving himself bare. His legs look so long like this, Sapnap thinks.

"You shaved." It's not a question but George still says it incredulously as he runs his fingertips over smooth, soft skin that's absent of sparse blond hair.

"I, um, yeah. Yeah." That seems to be all Dream can manage to say as he shudders under the light touch of George's fingers on sensitive skin.

"That's hot."

"Yeah?" Dream repeats himself, but adds more on this time, his confident attitude coming back, "should do that more often."

Sapnap tries not to snort at the thought of Dream maneuvering his tall frame into wild positions to be able to remove his body hair. A girl he had been with one time had kicked him out of the shower they were sharing just to shave her *legs*, telling him how ridiculous she looked doing it would be a total 'ick.'

"Fuck yeah, it's hot." Apparently George wasn't also thinking about how Dream got into the state he was in, too awed by the results on display in front of him. George's eyes are dark as he bends down, looking like he wants to bury his face in the smooth, hairless skin. "Makes me wanna..." He trails off, watching a shiver run down Dream's spine.

"Please." It's not begging, like the 'George, please,' Sapnap had heard coming from Dream's office that one fateful night. It's open, an invitation for George to do what he wants.

So he does, spreading the fat of Dream's ass with his hands and licking a long stripe all the way up it, pulling back to watch the muscles of his back tense up.

"George, c'mon," he whines into his pillow. George lets a string of spit fall from his mouth directly over Dream's hole and smirks at the way the unexpected feeling makes him jump.

"What was one of our rules, Dream?" The blond shrugs slightly, but George and Sapnap both know that he knows what the eldest is referring to, what he wants him to do.

"Were you too far gone to care? Before we even started?" He teases.

Dream shakes his head *no*. He knows the rule, but doesn't want to follow it.

"Sapnap, why don't you remind him? I know you remember."

"Um," Sapnap sits up in his seat, trying to figure out how to word his response and settling for mimicking the way George referred to him in the third person, even if he can't match his teasing tone, "he has to ask for it."

"That's right," he says to Dream, then to Sapnap, "thank you."

As he's in the middle of seeing whether or not he should say "you're welcome," Dream speaks.

"George, please. E-eat me out?" His careful words, the way he's asking almost nervously for George's mouth on him, cause a sharp tug at the bottom of Sapnap's stomach.

George pulls back from another long lick to chuckle. "So vulgar, Dream. What's Sapnap going to think?"

"I mean, I didn't-" the tips of Dream's ears redden as he shifts uncomfortably, "what else am I supposed to say?" He defends himself.

"I didn't say I didn't like it," George murmurs before diving back down.

He's keeping his eyes open, looking up Dream's spine to watch the muscles of his back flex when he presses his tongue firmly against him, to see his head fall backwards as he gasps at the rough texture.

It's quiet as both brunets have all their attention on Dream as he lays on the bed, letting the feeling of George's mouth and hands wash over him. He's acutely aware of this fact, and keeps trying to prevent little gasps and high-pitched whimpers from escaping his throat.

"That feels good?" Sapnap chimes in with a question that's been burning at the back of his mind for far longer than he's willing to admit. It's not a leading question like George does but asked with a genuine curiosity. He must've done something special with his tongue because Dream moans loudly, his back arching into George's touch as he answers.

"Yes...George please, more, need more," he babbles.

Sapnap's attention shifts as he sees George pick his head up, replacing his tongue with the pads of two fingers gently circling and rubbing over his hole.

"What d'you think, Sap," he says, performatively. "Should I give him some more?" The tone in his voice and the smirk on his face tell Sapnap exactly how he should answer.

"Yeah," he says breathlessly, fingers drumming on the arms of the desk chair.

"Get the-" George starts to say but is quickly cut off by Dream's *mhm*, as if he could read his mind.

Dream stretches an arm out, grasping for the handle of a drawer in his bedside table and pulls it open. His hand dances expertly across the contents of the drawer, quickly finding the bottle of lube without looking and passing it backwards to George.

From where he's sitting at the head of the bed, Sapnap has a perfect view of the contents of the drawer. A well-loved book laying open flat from a thousand creases in its spine, a pair of headphones, a small box of condoms (unopened, still wrapped in sheer plastic), two metal buttplugs of vastly different sizes but obviously part of a set by the matching royal blue gemstone set into the base, and-was that? No....it wouldn't be..the shock collar?

There's so much to unpack there that Sapnap decides to throw the entire suitcase away, knocking the drawer shut with his foot.

His gaze turns to George as he hears the snick of the bottle cap opening. He watches him squeeze a generous amount of clear fluid onto his pointer and middle fingers and lets the excess drip from the bottle straight over the cleft of his ass. In his peripheral, he can see Dream, settled back down into his folded arms, fluffy blond hair curling over his forehead and hanging almost into his eyes.

"Cold," He winces slightly at the sensation, dark eyebrows drawn together.

"Oh, you're fine," George responds, spreading the lube around with his fingers and warming it up. It wasn't said with malice or malevolence, but as he continues he falls back into his teasing voice, "thought you'd be used to it by now, anyways."

He presses two slender fingers into Dream, and it's like Sapnap can see him melt into the mattress, eyes fluttering shut and hands rhythmically flexing and releasing, his fingers closing into fists and stretching back out again as he pushes backwards into George's touch.

"You almost forgot to thank him for letting you feel so good, Dream," George coos at him, bringing his attention back to Sapnap, "you know better than that."

He flexes his fingers just as Dream opens his mouth dutifully to respond, drawing a ragged moan out from the typically-quiet man beneath him. George has a satisfied, almost cruel smile on his face, and Sapnap knows what he did was on purpose, that he knew how Dream tends to clam up in silent pleasure, that he was in tune with how pulling loud sounds out of him adds to the humiliation he hates to crave.

"C'mon Dream," his words drip sweetly out of his mouth, coated in the honey of his posh accent as he continues to work dream open. "Wouldn't want to be rude to our guest, now would we?"

"Th- thank you si-Sapnap." Dream chokes out, voice hitching around the title he almost let slip.

Sapnap didn't catch it, the syllables sound almost identical, and chalks the deep red blush spreading over Dream's cheeks and the way he was biting his lip in earnest up to the pleasure he was getting from George's fingers, heightened from how he's being made to speak, from being watched.

But George caught it, of course he did. George doesn't miss a thing. He chuckles, low in his chest. "Hmm," he muses, "you've got him deeper than I thought."

Sapnap raises his eyebrows, trying not to let apprehension show on his face. He doesn't want to think about anything going "deeper" as he's watching one of his best friends fuck the other ever more intensely on short, delicate fingers.

It's silent for a long minute, each of the men have their thoughts elsewhere as they listen to Dream's breath quicken in time with how George is fucking him with his fingers, the occasional needy whimper escaping his lips.

George is wondering how far he can push Dream, if he can get him to fall into a real subspace for the first time in a while. Dream's mind is mostly preoccupied with George's skilled hands, but the occasional nagging thought about what he looks like to Sapnap causes a tug at the bottom of his stomach. Sapnap is wondering if having something in your ass really feels so good.

"M'ready, George," Dream mumbles into his elbow, pressing his hips backwards, craving more of George's touch as he works a third finger into him.

"No, you're not." George replies definitively. "It'll hurt."

"Ge-orge," Dream whines, "don't care. Want it."

"What, want it to hurt? You're such a slut." George's voice has gone dark again, a soft murmur that causes Sapnap's stomach to flip. He's not sure how he feels about the derogatory name-calling, but Dream seems to enjoy it, wrapping his long legs around George's waist and using his heels to pull him in. "Answer me."

"Yes-! George *please*," Dream gasps as delicate fingers curl and spread inside him. "Please give it to me now." He hums in contentment as he feels George's hand leave him and hears the flick of a bottle cap opening behind him.

Sapnap watches George spread lube onto his hand, slicking himself up quickly, without wasting time pleasuring himself. "Call yourself a slut," he murmurs, pressing the head of his cock against Dream's entrance

Dream huffs. He really, *really* doesn't want to say that, right now. It's far easier to let someone degrade you than to degrade yourself. Especially in front of your best friend, someone you respect. Someone who respects you. Or *used to*, Dream fears, before he saw you submit everything to someone else.

He squirms around underneath George as if he would wriggle his way out of having to say it. But he knows he can't, knows that even before George says, "I'm not moving until you say it."

"I'm a slut," Dream admits, his voice a resigned whisper, his eyes falling shut as he breathes out the final word. He feels George push into the ring of taut muscle, then he stops. Dream whines, he had given him what he wanted, said what he wanted him to.

"Whose slut?" George asks. Sapnap doesn't know how he's managing to put off fucking into Dream for so long, not when he's so...like *this*.

"Yours," Dream chokes out, but he still doesn't feel him move, so he tries again, "Your slut, George, *please*."

George doesn't respond but presses into him slowly while his hands work over Dream's ass like he was addicted to it, spreading it, watching how skin and fat bulge between his fingers when he grabs him hard.

"Thank you, sir," Dream breathes when George bottoms out, their hips flushed together. It was almost a whisper, like something both a second instinct to Dream in this state and something he had to work up to courage to utter in front of their friend. George wipes excess lube from his hands onto the towel that Sapnap just noticed is laid out beneath Dream.

"Of course, baby. It's your birthday," his voice soft again, letting Dream know he's done well. His words are murmured against the back of Dream's neck, hands moving up and down his sides as he lets him adjust to the stretch. "So good for me, always are. Ask for what you want, and you can have it."

He starts thrusting slowly, shallowly, the fingers of one hand interlocking with Dreams and the other pulling his head to the side for more access to his neck. "Wanna make you feel good, too. Don't hold back, Dream. Let yourself feel good for me."

Dream grabs George's forearm and pulls him closer. "Quit being so nice to me then."

Georges huffs out a laugh into Dream's hair, "yeah?"

"Yea-" his response is cut out with an *oof* as he's pushed into the mattress, George holding him down with a hand in the middle of his back.

"In front of Sap?" He whines, like George's question reminded him of the younger man's presence.

"Want me to humiliate you? Degrade you? In front of *Sapnap*?" Dream just whines again, trying to tilt his hips up, angling them to entice George into hitting his prostate.

It didn't work though. "Use your words," George uses all of his body weight to hold him down with one hand in his hair and the other gripping his hip so hard it might bruise. His fingers tap the side of Dream's body twice in quick succession, checking that he's okay.

"George, please," Dream reaches a hand back, searching for George's, finds it, and wraps his digits all the way around his delicate wrist, "don't." He returns the gesture with two strong fingers, right over a throbbing pulse, wordlessly communicating that *yes, please, keep going, I want this, my words are all play, just for show*.

"Don't want to admit how much you like it? How you get off on it?" His hips pick up speed as Dream moans wantonly beneath him. Dream returns his two taps before he's even done with them, urging him to continue as his face grows redder and redder.

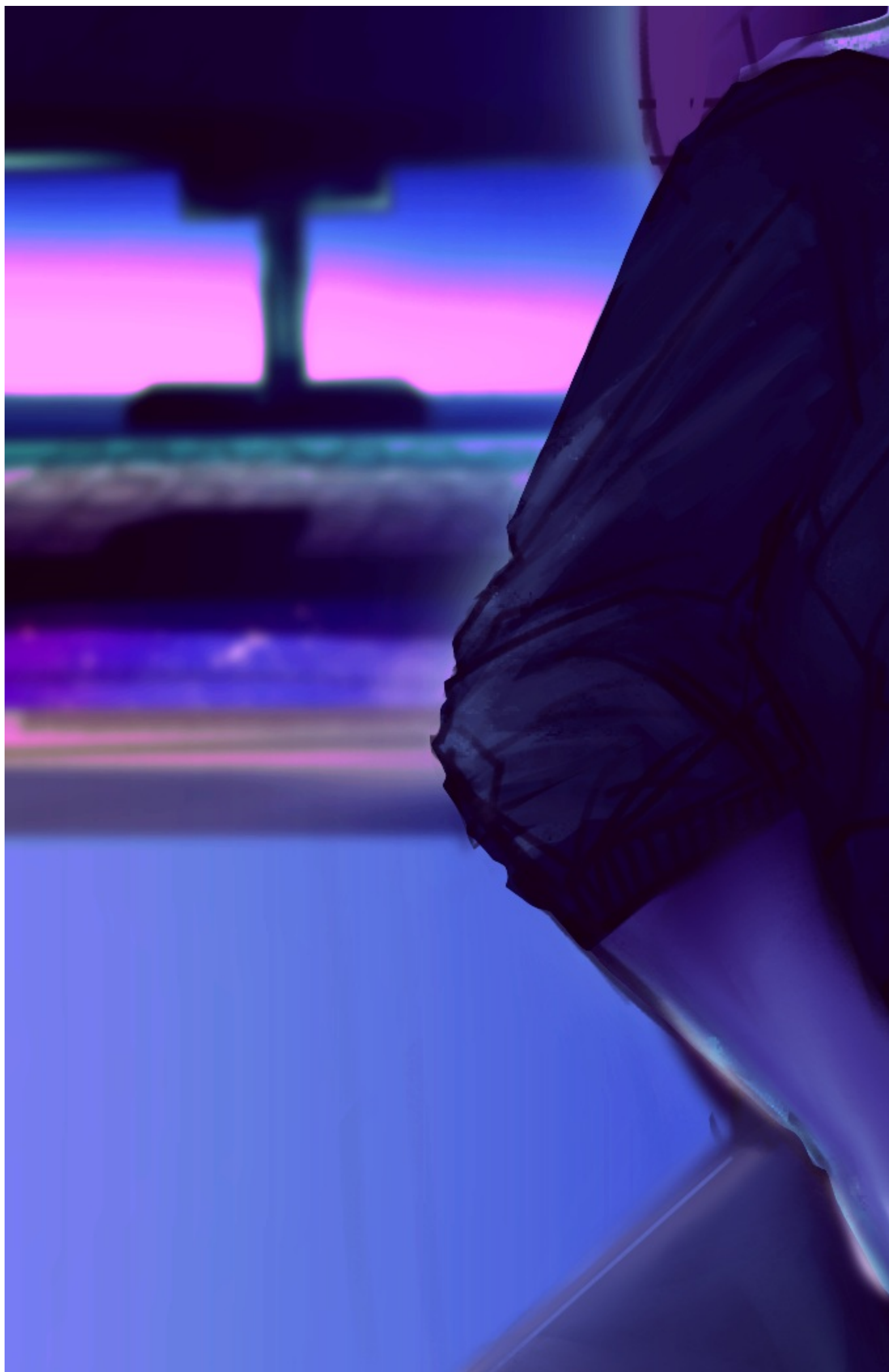
"Don't want Sap to know how you let yourself be a toy for me to use? How much you like him helping me knock you down a peg?"

"God, George-yes!" He finally cries out, holding onto George's wrist like a lifeline and burying his burning face into his elbow.

"Look at him, Dream." George uses his firm grip on dreams hair to pull his head to the side. His eyes are screwed shut in pleasure and humiliation as his cheek is pressed into the mattress.

“I said, look.” Dream opens his eyes as his head is tilted backwards, his gaze falling onto Sapnap’s lap and gliding over the erection obvious through his dark pants. He whines, pressing his hips down in search of more friction on his aching cock.







“Look how hard you’re making him, baby,” George coos, his voice soft but domineering, still carrying power in it as it echoes around dreams bare room, “just from your pretty face. Is he

putting on a good show, Sapnap?"

Sapnap jumps as he's pulled back into the scene, grounded again in the reality of his current situation. He had allowed himself to float off, to become a passive bystander to the display in front of him, to forget he was even there as he watched it like a play.

He had been trying not to think about how Dream's 'pretty face' wasn't the only thing fueling the fire in his stomach. *He does look good*, Sapnap thinks, panting and glassy-eyed, a blush making his freckles stand out where they're sprinkled over his angular cheekbones and strong nose. He looks *pretty*.

But George's words, the way he was pushing and pulling Dream wherever he wants him to go, the way Dream was *letting* him-that's what's causing his body and mind to feel like they're on fire.

"Mhm," he chokes out, his grip tightening around his thigh as he feels all eyes on him.

"Answer him," Dream mumbles in a low, gravelly voice that Sapnap hasn't heard from him in a while at the same time as George snaps "use your words," in an echo of what he had said earlier. George let's go of Dream's hair, letting him prop himself up on his elbows, both pausing and giving all their attention to Sapnap where he sits uncomfortably hard in his chair.

"I-uh," He clears his throat and tries again. "Yeah."

"Speechless, huh?" George says teasingly. "Wish it was that easy to get this one to shut up sometimes."

"You know you like it," Dream says into his folded arms, his ankles coming up to wrap around George's thighs. He's trying to match the lighter energy that George and Sapnap's interactions have, but the eldest man is having none of it.

George's attention snaps back to him and he pushes his head back down as he thrusts his hips forwards. "Wasn't talking to you, brat."

Dream moans at the name and the way George is picking up his pace. Sapnap swallows, every sound that leaves the pair's lips is like dropping another match into the gasoline that had been building up inside his body and mind. He didn't know the fire could grow bigger, that he could feel warmer than he already did, but every second that passes proves him wrong.

"George, so close," Dream whispers so quietly that Sapnap isn't sure if he imagined or not until George responds,

"Yeah? You want it?" He holds onto Dream's hip with one hand to stop the movement of it, holding him in place so he can fuck him easier.

Stupid question, Sapnap thinks. Of course he does, who wouldn't, with the way George is talking into his ear and purring against his back. "Gonna come rutting into the mattress like a fucking dog?"

"Yes, yes George- please!" He's grasping onto the sheets for dear life, his bottom lip held so firmly by his teeth that it's turning white.

"Why don't we ask our guest. Sap? What do you think?"

"Hmm?" George's light, controlled tone even as he thrusts faster into Dream has Sapnap entranced, but he perks up at his own name.

"Should I let him come?" George looks down at where Dream has become a whimpering mess on the mattress, then back up at Sapnap as if to emphasize his point.

"Uh," his eyes search George's face, trying to read his steely expression and figure out what he was thinking, provide the answer he knows George has in mind. He takes a guess, based on what he's seen so far tonight and beyond. "No?" he says, unsure, not meaning for it to come out as a question.

Wrong answer, he realizes as he sees the smirk that seems to have been permanently carved into George's cheeks fall a little as his eyebrows raise and hears Dream cry out, "Wh-Sapnap!"

"You heard him, baby." The mask falls back over George's face as he grabs both sides of Dream's waist, "pick your fucking hips up." He whines as the pressure and friction leaves, his cock left exposed to the cold, conditioned air. George pulls his wrists to the small of his back and hooks one arm underneath them, holding him up in the air.

Sapnap actually gasps as he sees how hard Dream is, the tip of his cock is so red it's almost purple and it's weeping precum almost constantly, dripping down the curved front of it. "Wait, I..." he trails off, unsure how to finish his thought.

"Changed your mind, Sap? What made you come around?" The double entendre wasn't lost on either of the younger men, Sapnap blushing furiously and averting his gaze while Dream lets out a short huff of laughter.

"I just- he," Sapnap sucks in a deep breath and lets it out again, remembering how Dream likes to be talked about, "he looks like he needs it." He flushes further at the crooked, mischievous smile George gives him now, his eyes drawn to where George's delicate, pale hand is rubbing over the bottom of Dream's stomach, right over where he's still fucking into him relentlessly. He wonders if George can feel himself through the taut skin there.

"Yeah, do you need it baby?" He murmurs into Dream's ear, nibbling on the soft skin of his neck.

"Yes, Sir," Dream lets his eyes fall shut as he breathes out an answer.

"I think he might just let you, Dream...if you ask nicely for it."

"Sapnap," he groans, "can I...please. Been a g'd boy." His last, mumble words trail off and it's still for a moment as the two brunets wait to see if Dream is going to continue. Sapnap looks to George, unsure, trying to follow his lead. He turns back to Dream, running his hand up and down his side in time with how he's still thrusting into Dream, slow and deep now.

"Try again," George says in a low voice, lightly scraping over the freckled skin of his shoulder with his teeth.

"God, Sap, *please*," he chokes out, "need it so bad, been so long."

"Need what?" Sapnap leans forwards in his chair as he speaks, liking the way George nods at him, his smile growing as he takes Dream in one hand, fingers wrapping firmly around the base of his dick. He feels *good*, feels warmth wash over his body and pool up in the bottom of his stomach as he feels like he's done well, like he's made George proud of him.

"Fuck-! need to *come*, Sap, please let me, god, please let me come please *please*." He's. little too in shock to respond, listening to Dream beg like that. Begging for *him*, too...it causes Sapnap's stomach to slip like he's gone down the drop of a roller coaster, is *exhilarating*, and he never wants it to stop.

But it does, and Sapnap knows it was good enough from the way George's hand quickly jerks him off, the paleness of his hand in sharp contrast to his red dick.

He's coming in George's hand before the words, "go ahead," leave Sapnap's lips, and he doesn't *stop*. It's spilling over delicate fingers and landing on the towel underneath him as his thighs shake, little *ah's* interrupting nonsensical babbling of "thank you," "so good," and "*Sir*." He's struggling to hold himself up and George lets gravity pull him back into the mattress, releasing Dream's arms to let them fall next to his sides.

"You're welcome," Sapnap's voice rumbles in his chest as he lets himself imagine Dream is thanking him. He knows he was the one who technically gave him permission to let go, but that was only at George's behest. He was the one calling all the shots.

"I don't think he was talking to you," the eldest scoffs at Sapnap's comment like he was reading his mind.

"Why wouldn't he be?" he questions defensively. He knows why, but he wishes George would let him have this, even if it's just for a moment, just in his head.

But George laughs at him, like it's the most ridiculous thing he's ever heard. "He's not calling you '*Sir*.' Took me so long to drag that one out of him."

"No, yes-both. C-can I?" Dream's first semi-coherent thoughts in a while ring around the room.

George's lip curls and he thrusts harshly into Dream with a snarled, "*no*," at the same time as Sapnap lets out a breathy, excited, "*yeah*."

"No," George says again, making sure the blond has heard him as he starts fucking into him quickly again, "you can't. But thank you for asking." His last words lean more mocking than genuine, it sounds like he's pissed. Sapnap doesn't think he'd want to be on the receiving end of that tone, and backs down quickly.

"He can call me 'big daddy,'" Sapnap says, always one to chime in with a joke.

"*Definitely* not," Dream laughs, "we'll figure something out." Sapnap feels some stupid flicker of something-excitement? hope? he can't tell-at the prospect of them *figuring something out*.

"You'll call him Sapnap. Or Sap," George digs his hands back into fluffy blond hair, "Don't get ahead of yourself."

He doesn't continue, but Sapnap can infer what he means. *Don't get ahead of yourself, he's only here for tonight*. He doesn't know what he feels about that, doesn't have time to unpack the complicated emotions it stirs up in his brain. He wants to live in the moment, forget about the stress of facing the reality of their situation after tonight, as housemates and as best friends. He wants to let George-and Dream, he guesses-push those thoughts out of his head, give him something else to focus on.

Speaking of something else to focus on, Sapnap realizes he's *aching*, his dick straining against the fabric of his pants that suddenly feel so restrictive. He's fidgeting and antsy, fingers drumming on his knees and one leg bouncing. After another drawn-out moan from Dream, it's like his body decides that he can't take it anymore, and his hand subconsciously moves over his bulge, trying to pull the tight fabric off it and readjust.

George's sharp perception doesn't miss a thing though, and he looks at Sapnap with dark eyes. From the combination of his heavy gaze and that little bit of contact from his hand, Sapnap groans,

his hips pushing up into his hand.

"Oh, *Dre-am*," he says teasingly, drawing out the syllable of his name, "he wants to touch himself so badly." Dream whines at the thought, eyes screwed shut. "make himself feel as good as we feel. Why don't you go ahead, Sapnap?"

Sapnap scoffs, but does start palming himself through his pants. His voice wavers slightly when he answers, "I don't need your permission."

"Oh but you do, don't you?" Sapnap's not sure how he feels about that soft, controlled tone being directed towards him. Well, he certainly knows how his body feels about it from the way it feels like his stomach just did a backflip and his cock twitches under his hand, but he's conflicted about it mentally. Why did one simple sentence make him feel so....like *that*, and why did he want George to do it again?

George sees his reaction, the way Sapnap sighs quietly and lets his head fall back against Dream's chair, and keeps talking. "Could see how long you were waiting for it, getting so hard watching me take care of Dream, huh?"

Sapnap grits his teeth, his hand dipping under the elastic of his waistband, and doesn't respond. He lets George keep talking.

"D'you want to be me? Be in charge of and inside my good boy?" Dream moans at the pet name, and Sapnap is grateful for it covering up a needy whine that escapes his own lips as he runs his thumb over the leaking head of his dick.

"Or were you imaging yourself in his place? Want to be underneath me, coming apart for me?" George is thrusting faster into Dream, getting off on his own words and dirty thoughts.

"Huh-no," Sapnap huffs, his tone not even convincing to himself. The cheeky smile he sees spread across Dream's face isn't helping. "I don't-no." He says again, trying to make it sound more definitive this time.

"Hmm, that's a shame," George says dismissively, "feels good, doesn't it Dream?" The blond moans in place of a response, and Sapnap knows that won't do for the dominant brunet.

"I asked you a question, Dream," he pulls his hair sharply, "I expect an answer."

"Yes George," he answers, the words getting caught in his throat with the way his head is pulled backwards, "so good."

"Fuck, you're so hot. M'close." Sapnap could tell, even from where he's seated away from the pair of them. George's thrusts have become erratic and he's breathing hard, gripping tight onto Dream's hair and hip.

"George..." Dream sighs out, one hand digging into George's pale thigh, trying to draw him in closer.

"Something you want, baby? Why don't you ask for it?" His questions are met with a heady whine and the spread of a dark red blush that Sapnap feels privileged to see from his vantage point.

"Can't," he keens, dropping his head.

"Can't what? Ask for it?" George is panting now, the muscles in his stomach flexing with the way Sapnap can tell he's holding himself back, waiting for Dream to respond appropriately.

"I know you can ask for it, do it all the time. Go on." He's met with a groan and a slight shake of Dream's head, like he's trying to clear out thoughts that have accumulated there. George keeps talking, knowing he'll break down the border of Dream's embarrassment soon enough, "What, d'you not want it? If that's the case I'll go finish somewhere else...maybe Sap wants to take it."

Sapnap is startled at the thought, but when he opens his mouth to protest any sound that comes out is overshadowed by a whiny "*Please, George,*" that escapes Dream's lips as he thrusts harder, purposefully hitting the sensitive bundle of nerves he knows will make Dream see stars.

"Or do you just not want to say it, hm? Not want Sapnap to know what a filthy whore you are? How you like to be used and filled up and left dripping?"

An unintelligible whine that sounds something like "*hnnnggeorgepleasedonmakeme,*" is muffled by the pillow Dream is pressing his face into.

"Ask for it. Or I'll stop right now." Sapnap doubted that statement, looking at how tightly he was gripping Dream's hips, his nails leaving red crescent moons in their wake, and the way his dark eyebrows are drawn together in frustration. He wasn't going to call him out on that though... Dream was too into it, *he* was too into it, enthralled by George's commanding presence. Fuck, Sapnap realizes that he's awfully close already too, forcing himself to slow his hand down and trying to calm his heart rate too, to take deeper breaths.

"Please, George please want it so bad, please let me have it, come inside me George *please,*" he finally babbles, writhing on the bed beneath the brunet with his back arched and hands pulling at the sheets.

"Good boy," George bites out, "good *fucking* boy," his hips snap forwards with each word, placing emphasis on them, and Sapnap knows he's fallen over the edge, coming hard pressed deep inside Dream with his head hanging and chest heaving. His hips stutter slightly, pulling a small moan out of Dream each time he pushes in.

"Thank you, George," Dream says after sucking in a breath so sharply it sounded like it could be a sob, "thank you, love it- love you so much."

Sapnap hadn't realized he'd stopped the motion of his hand, sitting in awe of the way Dream, *Dream*, the cocky Leo had just *begged* for *George* to come, had clamored for him to come *inside him* like it was some kind of *privilege*.

Even after years of flirting over discord calls, of simping for him on stream with big donations and proposing easy bets just to gift him subs, Sapnap finally realizes the extent to which Dream is absolutely *whipped* for the older man. And as he watches George, watches him adore Dream's body with his mouth and hands, ask him softly, "hey...you okay?"—he gets it.

Dream gives a quiet, contented hum as an answer. Based on prior experiences, Sapnap knows the wordless response won't be good enough for George, but this time for totally different reasons.

He pulls out slowly, flips Dream's pliant body easily onto his back, and takes his chin in his hand, forcing eye contact. "Dream," he says, voice still commanding but this time wrapped in care instead of cruel intentions, "colour, baby. Now."

He releases his grip when Dream answers, "Green," letting go of his face as he sits back on Dream's thighs. "So green, neon fucking green, George," Dream elaborates, his head thrown back against the pillow and eyes screwed shut.

"Thank you, baby." George says in praise before he catches Dream's lips in his own, kissing him slowly.

"Minecraft skin green?" Sapnap chimes in without thinking, breaking tension is a force of habit for him.

"Shut up, Sapnap." He gets a light-hearted glare from George when he pulls away from Dream, the blond trying to follow his mouth with his own. "Do *not* cross those wires in my brain." The trio laugh together for a moment, quiet and breathy before Dream is back to whining again. It's so....*comfortable*, Sapnap thinks. Comforting, too.

"Georgeeee," he keens, kneading at George's pale thighs that had just stopped quivering. The motion draws Sapnap's gaze downwards to realize Dream is fully hard again. In fact, it looks like they-*George*, he corrects himself-had never let him come at all.

"Hard again already?" George says as he takes Dream in one hand, "Should deny you more often. Love how long I get to play with you once I've made you wait for days."

Oh.

Now Sapnap feels bad, remembering how the couple had reacted to him telling Dream he couldn't come earlier. When Dream had whined "*been so long*," he had assumed he was talking about the hour between them leaving the living room and his arrival, not fucking *days*.

"Please, George, anything," Dream bucks up into George's hand, too far gone to care about future him who just agreed to being forced to the edge by George over and over again and made to wait for release for however long the brunet pleases.

"What do you want, Dream?" Clearly George knows what he wants from the way his thumb is circling over Dream's sensitive head, repeatedly pressing into his slit to draw a hiss from the blond.

"Wanna..." Dream trails off. "Again, please. Don't care how." He'll take anything George is willing to give him, at any point.

George sits himself further back on Dream's thighs, "Gonna ride you." He finds the previously discarded bottle of lube he'd tossed to the side and uses some of it to slick Dream up, smiling at the way he's already moaning raggedly from the simple contact.

"Fuck, George. Please." Sapnap sees Dream's cock jump at the prospect of George on top of him.

It's big, he realizes as he looks at it from this new angle and tries to size it up against his own. Maybe it's just the way it stands in the air, looking achingly hard again, maybe it's the way it looks when compared to George's small hand as his fingers wrap around the base of it.

George reaches behind himself, Sapnap assumes to work himself open, to prep himself for Dream's dick. What he didn't expect was the glint of silver and blue gemstone that catch his eye as George pulls a heavy metal plug out of himself with ease, letting it fall in between Dream's thighs.

Huh, Sapnap thinks, *so that's where the middle one went*.

He's too distracted by the way George's mouth falls open in a silent moan as he sinks down slowly onto his length to notice Dream's long, lean arms picking up the plug, using the tapered tip of it to swipe up dribbles of come that had fallen down the cleft of his ass, and pushing it inside of himself.

George noticed, though—of course he did—from the way he was staring down at Dream's face beneath him. The smirk on his face as he realized what Dream was doing, that he had pushed the plug deep inside of him and left it there, was completely mismatched by the expression on Dream's face, his mouth hanging open, his eyes half-lidded and glassy.

"You're disgusting," George chuckled. Sapnap could tell it was lighthearted, but knew the degrading words were doing something to Dream nonetheless.

"Shut up," he says, turning his face to the side, not looking at either of the brunets, "you think it's hot too, I know you do."

Sure, that was true. It had been George's idea after all, when he'd taken the plug Dream used to prep himself for George while he was busy and pushed it back in after a quick fuck, gushing about how he was going to keep Dream full, make him keep thinking about his come inside of him as George went back to work on the video he was editing.

But right now, George is having none of it.

He leans over and spits, *fucking spits*, on Dream's face, the hot saliva landing on his turned cheek and pulling a moan out of the blond as he grinds his hips down onto him. "Don't tell me to shut up. Your dick might be inside me, but you're still beneath me right now."

Dream opens his mouth to answer, Sapnap knows it was going to be another back-talking retort from the smug look on his face, but George doesn't let him. He catches his open mouth with two fingers, pressing them into his tongue and pulling Dream's jaw down, not letting him speak.

He spits again, this time directly into Dream's open mouth. "I mean, look at you right now, Dreamie," the petname isn't spoken softly and coated in affection the way Sapnap has heard it previously. It's mocking and merciless as George shoves his fingers into the back of Dream's throat, reveling in the way he gags on them, smiling cruelly at the tears that well up in his eyes.

"Both of your slutty holes filled with me, letting me fuck my spit into your mouth with my hands." He laughs, "You're *disgusting*." He repeats that final word, more intensely this time, like he means it.

His two taps are given to Dream's tongue, causing another gag before he returns them quickly with the hand he has wrapped around George's wrist, right in front of his face. George gives a performative sigh as he looks down his arm at the blond falling apart beneath him, like he's considering whether to let him do just that.

"I need my hand back, so be a good slut and keep your bratty mouth shut unless you have something nice to say." He waits for Dream to show that he understands, struggling to nod with the firm hand still prying his jaw open and the way he's trying to keep eye contact with the man on top of him.

"Good boy," George says as he finally removes his hand, letting Dream suck in a heaving breath as he wipes the mixture of their spit onto Dream's chest. He whines as slick fingers brush over one of his nipples, then the other.

"I forget how much you like that." George murmurs, grabbing the meager amounts of fat that make up Dream's pecs in his hands and watching him squirm underneath him. "You like getting pressed into the mattress so much I forget how good you look like this, laid out underneath me."

"George..." he breathes out, stopping himself before he goes any further as he remembers the

warning to keep his mouth shut.

"Yeah, baby?" the petname isn't spoken kindly, but he gives Dream the go-ahead to continue speaking anyway.

"Move, please." George smiles darkly at the way he's already begging, without even being made to do so.

He looks down at his hips where they're drawing slow circles on Dream's own, then back up into Dream's blown-out pupils, feigning innocence as he asks, "Am I not already?"

"C'mon George," Dream's voice is shaky as his hands tentatively move to George's hips, half expecting them to be pushed away, "you know what I mean."

"I'm afraid I don't."

"Ride me, George, please." His big hands spread George's ass as his hips buck upwards, trying to find a faster pace. George just sits himself firmly on Dream's thighs, pinning him down and not letting Dream have any more friction.

"I am."

"Oh, come on." The familiar words are said in a totally different way, pleading and whiny instead of teasing and low.

"Remember what I said, Dream?" The blond shakes his head, unable to think about anything beyond George on top of him. "I believe I told you to ask for what you want."

"Fuck, George" Dream whines in annoyance as his fingers dig into George's hips, trying to hold himself still. He hadn't been given permission to rut up into him, "fucking-bounce on it, George, please. You said you would."

"No." His voice is light as he slowly grinds himself on Dream's dick, not giving him nearly enough friction for either of them to be able to get off on it. That's not what matters to George, what matters is stringing Dream along as long as possible until he's unable to do anything but beg for more. "I never said that."

He leans backwards, causing the tip of it to press into his prostate, and tries not to let his voice hitch when he continues talking. "This feels better, anyways."

That's not true. It does feel good, great even, but it's nothing compared to the way it feels when Dream is the one really fucking him, driving into him with confidence and accuracy and making George fall apart in minutes. He doesn't need to know that, though. Doesn't need the ego boost.

Right now, what Dream needs is to be knocked down a peg, to be driven to the edge until he's incoherent and held there, not allowed to fall over it until George says he can. He whines again.

"Thought you wanted me to do what I want?" Dream nods slowly, knowing he's not going to get his way. "Be a good toy, then, and let me use you how I please." He gets another nod as confirmation that he understands. Sapnap likes the way Dream looks when he has to tilt his head back to look up at someone through his dark eyelashes.

Wait- *someone*?

George. When he has to look up at George. Just George. It'll only ever be George.

“Play with his hair, Sapnap.” The man he was thinking about draws him back into the situation, but he’s not even looking at him. “I can’t reach.”

In any moment other than this one, Sapnap’s mind would’ve immediately flooded with a hundred jokes about George’s height, but he seems so much *bigger* right now, as he’s taken control of the two younger men and wills them to do his bidding. He’s larger than life.

He nods, and is standing up and moving towards the head of the bed before he even realizes he’s doing it. He was sitting too far away to reach Dream, intentionally, but the thought of scooting over in his chair makes him cringe.

He sits on the edge of the bed next to Dream’s head, reaching out a tentative hand to lightly push back the hair that’s fallen into Dream’s eyes, nervous as he remembers George’s first rule despite the fact that he’s now been invited to touch.

“Go on, like I was. You can do it.” George is somehow giving him permission and gentle reassurance while at the same time quietly mocking his hesitation. He nods, not looking at either of his friends, as he pushes his fingers into Dream’s hair. It’s thick and soft and a little sweaty, but feels good under his hand nonetheless.

“Pull it.” He gives it a gentle tug. “Good boy.” He’s glad Dream’s eyes are shut, that he can’t see the hot blush on his face, the way he shifts around where he’s sitting. Having George’s eyes trained on him already feels like so *much*, he can barely handle it and when it’s in combination with those *words*, that inflection in his voice, he feels like he might combust. He doesn’t know how Dream does this.

Dream notices how he’s basically frozen where he sits, and places his hand over Sapnap’s where it’s still threaded through his hair, giving it a squeeze that’s somehow both reassuring and silently begging, *come on*.

With his other hand, Dream grabs one of his ankles and pulls it, causing him to lose his balance a little from how his cross-legged position had suddenly been ripped out from underneath him. His grip tightens, and Dream moans at the feeling.

Dream moves his leg so that it’s next to his head, and replaces the pillow he had been lying on with the bend of Sapnap’s knee. Sapnap shifts closer. Dream’s head is in his lap with a blissed out expression on his face as George finally starts to really ride him, and Sapnap is frozen.

“Again,” both of his friends say in unison, and it takes him a second to realize they’re talking to him. He tugs on Dream’s hair again pulling both his hand and Dream’s head towards his body.

He does it again, and a third time, as George continues grinding down onto Dream and the two of them are making him a breathless, squirming mess where he lays on his back.

“Sapnap...” Dream whines, his head turned in Sapnap’s lap, nibbling at the inseam of his joggers. He’s stretching his neck, trying to mouth over the hard-on in his pants but unable to quite reach it.

“Ask for it,” Sapnap says in a gravelly voice. He’s picked up on how much Dream likes to be made to ask for things, beg for them even and had had a quiet moment of realization he likes it too. Likes hearing George speak in a way he’s used to, with tenacity and determination, his demands said in a way that conveys that he not only knows what he wants but is confident that he’s going to get it.

He likes the blush that rises to Dream’s cheeks and the top of his chest when he’s made to ask for more, or faster, or something new, and likes the way George knows just when to make him speak,

how he does it to hear Dream's voice when he falls silent, the only signs of the overwhelming pleasure he's feeling the expressions on his face and his heavy breathing.

When Sapnap looks up at George questioningly he's met with a smirk and an encouraging nod. "Do what he says, Dream." He starts lifting himself up a few inches and sinking back down rhythmically, trying to overwhelm the blond with physical sensation in order to help his mental barriers come down.

"Sap-want it," Dream stutters out around shaky breaths, "you. In-in my mouth." His eyes are screwed shut, like he can't bear to look at the reaction of the younger man sitting next to him.

"That's okay?" Sapnap directs to George, thumbs already going into the waistband of his pants, about to pull them down before he remembered to ask. He doesn't know why he feels the need to have his permission, why he's deferring to the authority George has assumed.

"Yes," George murmurs, looking excited, "let him be good for you, too."

"Thank you," Dream groans, not sure who he's saying it to, as Sapnap rises from where he was sitting to pull his joggers off. He settles back down, closer to Dream's prone body and pulls his head further into his lap.

Dream moves to prop himself up on an elbow, to make it a little easier for him by using his hands to guide Sapnap's dick to his mouth, but he whines when soft hands don't let them move, keeping his hands pressed to his stomach by his wrists. "Geooorge," he whines, "c'mon."

"No hands," Dream can't see the glint in George's eyes or his mischievous smile as he says this, but Sapnap can, "Sapnap will help you." Sapnap's hand moves over himself on its own accord, ready to guide it to Dream's mouth, but his brain stops himself.

"Oh, will he now?" He asks, and it's clear George isn't used to being talked to like from the way the rhythm of his hips falter, how he looks up at Sapnap, confused for a second before his face falls back into its easygoing facade. "Tell me more about what Sapnap is going to do," he continues, teasingly raising a strong eyebrow at George.

"Sapnap will *listen*," he snaps, punctuating it with a quick movement downwards onto Dream, taking all of him, "if he wants to get his stupid dick sucked."

Blood rushes downwards, away from his brain and Sapnap's grip on himself tightens as he tries to stop his hips from bucking up into his hands at George's words. He tells himself it's from the proposition of a mouth around his cock, rather than his hand, for the first time in months, from the prospect of *finally* getting off, and not from the demanding tone or the way he talked about him in third person. The way they had been talking about Dream.

Sapnap rolls his eyes minutely, chewing on the side of his cheek. He doesn't really want to give into the way George is telling him what to do. But he really, *really* wants to get his dick sucked. He moves the head of his cock down to Dream's parted, spit-covered lips. He listens.

"Say 'thank you,'" he says in a low voice, unconsciously trying to take back a little of the control he had just conceded to George. He also wants to hear someone thank *him* for *letting them suck his dick*. Just the concept of that is still making his head spin.

"Thank you, Sap." Dream whispers, and the way his lips move softly over the sensitive head of his cock, the way his words leave his lips in a hushed breath, the fact that he was *thanking him*, it pulls a groan out of Sapnap. He picks himself up onto his knees, just slightly, so he can use his hips to

press the tip into Dream's waiting mouth. He stops quickly though, in a mimic of how George had first pressed into him what feels like ages ago, giving him a tiny bit at a time, just enough to make him crave more, never enough to be satisfied, and then asking him to speak.

"George, too." Dream makes a sound that might be a '*huh?*', but it's muffled by Sapnap's dick. "Thank George, too." He elaborates, and pulls back away from the heat of Dream's mouth despite how he wants nothing more than to sink further into it.

"Thank you, George. For...um, everything." Neither Sapnap nor George had expected the quiet honesty from the man underneath them, but he continues with it, "*It's-everything.*"

"Good boy," Sapnap praises him for doing what had been asked of him, for being honest enough with George, with Sapnap, with himself, to let them do this, all of it. For asking to suck his dick, too. He's still not over that part.

As he says it, not with the assured confidence and the commanding tone that George does but with something closer to reverence, his stomach flips with arousal and...something else.

He chalks it up to not being sure that saying it, that those words coming from him, was something that was within what he had been asked-been *allowed*-to do. He had gotten inadvertently scolded for asking Dream to call him 'Sir,' George had let both of the younger men know that that title is his and his alone. Does 'good boy' belong to George too?

He looks up at him, sees him sitting still on Dream's dick as he watches the scene before him, enraptured in it like how Sapnap had been while he was stuck in the desk chair. He doesn't say anything to either of them, though, so he pushes back into Dream's mouth, moaning at the wet sides of his cheeks and the way his lips close around him, and the texture of his tongue.

He stalls his movements, not wanting to push it too far, so Dream tries to bob his head, to take it for himself. With his position, hands held to his stomach by the man pinning him down with his legs, he can't really move much, and the frustration of it all makes him whine around Sapnap's dick.

"C'mon" George finally speaks up again. "Fuck his face. He can take it." The thought of it, of Dream being able to handle someone thrusting into his mouth, *him* thrusting into his mouth, and the way George is telling him what to do again causes another sharp tug at the bottom of his gut. He pushes a hand back into fluffy blond hair, grabbing ahold of Dream's head and holding it steady before him. And he listens.

He starts thrusting in and out, slowly, shallowly, matching the speed George has set with his own hips. It feels *incredible*, Dream's mouth is wet and pliant, his lips held over his teeth and his tongue flexed so it's rubbing against the sensitive vein on the underside of Sapnap's dick with every movement. He groans at the feeling and his legs are already shaking, but not from how he's holding himself up on his knees.

One hand was enough to hold Dream steady in front of him, the blond is trying his best to stay still for him, but he brings the other up to cup his chin, his thumb gently running over his angular jaw. Dream whines at him, and he falters, worried that something he was doing was going too far.

"Sap, I said *fuck his face*. He'll pinch if he wants you to stop," Sapnap looks down at where George had released Dream's wrists, allowing him whatever movement he wants, but he's moved them underneath his thighs, keeping his hands off. "So c'mon. Take him." He gives George a quick nod, not meeting his eyes, and resumes pressing into the mouth that's open and waiting for him. "Good boy."

Sapnap wishes his moan came from the way the head of his dick bumped against the soft back of Dream's throat, but he and George both know it was in response to the praise, to that *name*. So George does it again, "Deserve a reward, don't you? Been so good for us tonight."

"George..." Sapnap trails off, not really sure what he wanted to say, if anything at all. He starts thrusting into Dream's mouth faster now and his breath is picking up too. He's never done this before, no one's ever let him fuck their mouth. No one's ever *asked* for it.

"You okay?" George's voice is soft again as he checks in with the youngest man. He nods, but the way his mouth is clamped shut doesn't fully cover up the needy whimper that claws its way up from deep in his chest.

"You wanna come, Sapnap?" All his attention is on their guest right now, on how his thighs are shaking and how a moan sometimes punctuates his panting breaths when he pushes into Dream's mouth. He's ignoring Dream's whimpers and whines, no matter how much he enjoys them, he's heard them a million times before and will again, but hearing this is special.

"Yes, George," Sapnap breathes out an answer. He does, he really, *really* wants to come, it feels like he's been on the verge of an orgasm for eons, at this point. But they both recognize his hesitation.

"Go on then, he can take it." He's not sure if George is letting him know that Dream can handle him coming in his mouth or him or letting both the younger men know that they have his permission for it to happen. Probably both. "In his throat. We're giving him what he wants, tonight." He nods to show that he understands, words are failing him at this point.

"You can go harder, too." George chuckles. "He likes it."

He listens to George again, even though it wasn't a demand this time, and starts really fucking into Dream's mouth. He wishes he had started doing this sooner, it feels amazing physically, obviously, but also mentally; the way he's holding Dream's face firmly in place as he uses him for his pleasure is something else entirely.

He doesn't last long, didn't expect to, to be honest, and after a few more erratic thrusts presses his dick deep into Dream's mouth, feeling his body release all the pressure that had been building up in it as he comes. Dream gags, just a little, and he almost pulls back, but remembers that he hadn't felt a pinch. So he keeps going, riding out the last waves of his orgasm with little thrusts against the tight back of his throat, groaning at how it tightens and releases around him as Dream tries to swallow it all.

"Holy *shit*," he says as he pulls out, words finally coming back to him. Little dribbles of white had fallen out of Dream's mouth and onto his chin in the process, and he swipes them up with his thumb, pushing it gently onto Dream's tongue which he uses to clean it thoroughly, sucking Sapnap's come off of it.

"Right?" George sounds impressed with the pair of them, with how well Dream had taken it- Sapnap's dick is a little bigger than his, he thinks, and definitely girthier-, with how Sapnap had given in and taken control of Dream, used him at George's behest. He sounds *proud*. Sapnap likes it.

"Right," he agrees, falling back into the same position he was sitting in before and gently guiding Dream's head back into his lap after he pulls his pants back over his softening cock.

"He's such a good boy, did so well." It's like George realized how soft his voice had gotten when

he felt Dream's hands on his hips, trying to pick him up and let gravity carry him back down, searching for more friction on his dick. He falls back into his dominant persona quickly, reprimanding Dream for the action as he pulls Dream's hands away from him, dropping them on the mattress next to his sides. "Good boys let us use him how we want, remember?"

"George," Dream's voice breaks as he chokes out his partner's name, tossing his head in Sapnap's lap and gripping his duvet tight in his fists.

"George," he repeats with more conviction this time, managing to look up at the man atop him, "enough."

Sapnap freezes, that word and the inflection it's said in a way that makes him feel like something's gone wrong, that Dream is suddenly uncomfortable with their situation and wants out. His confusion only grows as George pulls Dream's hands off his hips and presses himself down onto his length.

"Tsk," George says, trying to keep his composure around a shaky breath, "so soon?" Sapnap has the urge to intervene, to pull George off and comfort Dream, to make sure he's okay.

Red means stop, he remembers as he watches Dream's nails digging the pale flesh of George's upper thighs, his long fingers almost covering them completely. He had said *enough*, he didn't say *red*.

Though Sapnap thought he was out of his depth before, he finds himself completely in over his head now, frozen with no idea what's going on and no clue what to do.

"Yes, *now*, George," he whines, so different from the poetic turns of phrase Sapnap is used to hearing him say when he plays a character, nor are they the carefully constructed insinuations he uses to get George riled up, the more innocent ones he breaks out in voice channels with their friends or the downright filthy ones he's come to know since moving in, they're disconnected words that fall out of his mouth as abstract ideas flash across his mind. "*please*."

"Use. Your words." George sigh, like he's sick of saying it, punctuating his speech with slow circles of his hips.

Dream tosses his head back into Sapnap's hands, his jaw clenched at his face flushes bright red. When he finally speaks his voice is soft and controlled, but desperation burns under its surface. "*Please can I fuck you now, George.*"

"Since you asked so nicely," George says performatively, his heart and mind not really in a dominant headspace any more, and climbs off of Dream's lap. The pair move in tandem with practiced ease, George flopping onto his back on the opposite side of the bed from where Sapnap remains seated and pulling a pillow beneath his head as Dream moves over him, elbows bracing his upper body above the shorter man's. He dives onto George's pale neck, kissing it eagerly and moaning into it as he presses his hips into George's.

Sapnap realizes he must've said something in a low voice only George could hear when the brunette responds, genuinely, not mockingly or degradingly, "You're welcome. Now hurry up and get back inside me," while he twirls sweaty blond hair around the fingertips of one hand while the other moves between them, wrapping around Dream's dick, guiding him into place.

"I'm going to shower," Sapnap says quietly, rising from Dream's bed, his legs unsteady from sitting criss-crossed for so long. Something had flipped, something more metaphorical than the position Dream and George were in. He had been asked to watch Dream, watch George make him

fall apart in his hands and help George humiliate him. He'd been asked to watch them have sex, to help even, but he hadn't been asked to watch them *fuck*.

It felt...wrong, somehow. Wrong to see the way George's face was drawn up in pleasure, the way his lip was red from being dug into by his teeth. He doesn't feel he should be privy to the quiet, panting moans leaving his lips as Dream starts pushing into him more deliberately.

The way both of his friends' heads whip around to look at him when he speaks confirms his suspicions that they had completely forgotten he was there.

"Just use mine," Dream says breathlessly.

"Um, sure," Sapnap says, his legs still feel unsteady when he rises and he doesn't want to walk all the way upstairs, but he still feels apprehensive, "but don't you guys want to—"

George cuts him off with a laugh, "He won't be long."

Dream snaps his hips forward, forcing a stop to George's chuckles as they turn into a moan. "Shut up," he says, and although Sapnap's not looking, he can hear the wide smile on his face.

He's reminded of the last time Dream had told George to 'shut up,' how he'd been choked and degraded and told he doesn't get to talk to George like that. But this time, George just laughs with him. The energy in the room is completely different. Sapnap takes it as his cue to leave.

"If you want," George turns to look at him again.

"Yeah." Sapnap responds. They're not on the same page, not out of stubbornness or miscommunication, but a fundamental misunderstanding of what the other is referring to. Sapnap thinks it would be odd for him to use Dream's bathroom while the two of them finish...whatever they're planning to do.

George thinks it's odd that he wants to leave *now* of all times, and although he respects it, of course, he doesn't want Sapnap going too far. He's known from partners in the past how isolating and terrible it feels to be left alone after being involved in a scene, or any sex really, whether you were the person giving yourself up to another or the one taking control, or something sort of in the middle like Sapnap had been to the pair of them. He wasn't going to let Sapnap feel that way, especially after everything he's done for them. *With* them.

But the youngest man is already gone, walking towards Dream's en-suite with his back to the pair of them left in the bed.

"Towels behind the door," George calls after him. He's not really sure what else to say.

"Thanks," his reply becomes muffled as he shuts the door behind him.

Sapnap finds a towel, strips, and climbs into the shower in a daze. Before he knows it, his hair and body are washed and he doesn't really have an excuse to stay anymore, but he can still hear his best friends from beyond the two doors separating them.

It's so weird, how it feels at the same time so much more innocent than what the trio had been doing earlier—what had George called it? play?—with their hair pulling and teasing and dirty talk, and simultaneously so much more filthy, like it's suddenly so *wrong* for him to be present even though on a surface level, barely anything has changed. As he stands under the shower spray, letting hot water soak his hair and sooth sore muscles in his shoulders, Sapnap ponders....well, everything.

It seemed like suddenly, wordlessly, they weren't playing anymore. That the roles they had donned for the event had fallen away and it was his two best friends left on the bed, impossibly intimate. All of a sudden, they were just Dream and George again, and it wasn't Sapnap's place to be there, to be present.

It's always amazed him how easily the pair of them click, how they move together and know what the other is thinking all the time. The moments preceding Sapnap's departure were like that on a whole different level as everything they were pretending to be fell away at the exact same time. *They're always in sync*, he thinks.

It's made Sapnap jealous in the past, at how much time they spend together and how they sometimes would rather stay in a separate channel by themselves than join a stream with their other friends, or annoyed him when the three of them have been on a call together and he gets ignored in favor of questions like "what do you think George's first text to me ever was?"

But he loves them. So much. And loves that they're in love. That they're happy.

But there's...*something else*. It's a burning, bitter jealousy that he used to chalk up to being brushed off for "Dream and George time," but that he'd felt increase in fervor and frequency once George had finally moved in and he'd started having to third-wheel in person. There's also that sinking in his stomach at the suffocating guilt he feels for being unfairly upset with the pair of them for spending that time together.

They're dating, he constantly reminds himself. They deserve that time, those touches, that *intimacy*. And they're always considerate of his feelings, but that almost makes it worse. When it's the three of them hanging out in person or on a call, now, the thought that *they'd rather be alone* is always present in the back of his head, telling him he's not enough, that he's just an accessory to their relationship, like he was an accessory to their sex tonight.

But he's *not*, not just a sidepiece to them as a couple, and he *knows* this, so when he feels like that the guilt only grows. When they all hang out together, nothing has really changed since they started dating besides terms of endearment like "baby" coming more frequently and completely unironically. They still play video games together, laugh together, share stories, eat together, do pretty much everything together, especially now that they're all in the same house.

He knows they care about him, that they love him, but it's not the same. Not in the same way they feel for each other. But he doesn't deserve to want that, to want something that would inevitably throw a wrench into their dynamic as a couple, their dynamic as a trio, as "Dream and George + Sapnap."

And it hurts. He tries not to let it hurt as much as it does, tries to chalk it up to the bitterness and the jealousy and the guilt of it all, but more than anything else, it *hurts*. But now's not the time for that, the muffled sounds of sex from Dream's bedroom have long since stopped and the water around him has grown cold.

It'll never be the time for it. He'll just keep pushing those feelings away and try not to let the bitterness grow, because his love for the pair of them individually and as a couple and as his *best friends*—that's more important. So he climbs out of the shower, because now, as he stands shivering in the chill shower, he can feel the difference between the hot tears that have welled up on his eyelashes and the cold spray from the showerhead. He needs out.

He finds himself in the same position he was in earlier that night, standing on the other side of a door and breathing in the courage to push it open, to insert himself into a situation in which he doesn't feel like he belongs. He feels like that a lot, with the couple.

But now's not the time. He can't stay here in Dream's bathroom forever, shivering and dripping water onto the cold tile floor.

Sapnap steps out of Dream's bathroom quietly, not wanting to draw too much attention to himself. He's got one of Dream's plush towels around his waist, and his wet hair drips onto his bare chest and back. His sweaty hoodie and come-stained joggers are bundled up under one arm. He didn't want to put them back on now that he feels clean, but also didn't want to mix them in with Dream and George's laundry. It's not his place.

"Where are you going?" Sapnap jumps a little when he hears George ask him a question. When he turns to look at him, he sees his head of messy brown hair tilted in genuine confusion as he tracks the youngest's movement towards the bedroom door.

He freezes, somehow feeling more on the spot now than at any other point during this whole affair. He ruffles a hand through his damp hair, casting droplets of water across the room. "Back upst-I mean, I didn't think-" he stutters.

"C'mon, Sap," George has the audacity to roll his eyes as he scooches himself over, untangling his limbs from Dream's own where he lays sprawled across the bed, to make some extra room, "No one leaves a scene without at least a *little* bit of care," he says, gently patting the Sapnap-sized space he had carved out on the mattress.

"What?" Having to keep acting like he knows what he's doing is going to be the death of Sapnap, he thinks. He puts together that what just happened was the "scene" and George's hands running gently over Dream's arms and twirling in his hair, his lips peppering light kisses over his face and leaving soft whispers in their wake, that must be the "care." But it wasn't like Sapnap was the one who was...whatever the correct way to describe it is. Watched. Played with. Fucked. The center of attention.

"Oh, come *on*." George sounds exhausted, tired of Sapnap's incredulity and also physically as he lets out a big yawn at the end of his sentence. He pushes himself up off the mattress with his hands and walks towards Sapnap. When he stands, Sapnap blushes at the sight of his bare legs; he's wearing his oversized black smile hoodie and nothing else.

"You're not seriously going to go mope around and fall asleep upstairs by yourself," he says off-handedly as he grabs the handle of one of Dream's dresser drawers, knowing exactly which one to open. He pulls out a worn-in band t-shirt and a pair of navy sweatpants, tossing them to his friend.

"Put these on and get over here," He cuts Sapnap off as he opens his mouth to speak, like George knew exactly what he was about to retort: *I don't mope!*

As George turns away from him to amble back to Dream's prone body, Sapnap lets his towel fall to the floor and pulls the sweats on quickly. He feels heat rising to his face, wondering why he suddenly cares about his modesty in the wake of everything he'd just seen and done.

When he steals a glance back at his friends though, he's not surprised to find George isn't looking at him, his face turned towards Dream's exposed back as he massages his shoulders, rubbing away the tension that Sapnap knows he holds there. He hasn't been complaining about that as much lately, he realizes. Not since George came home.

Sapnap picks his towel up off the ground and ruffles it through his hair, trying to dry most of the water out of it before he pulls on the tshirt that was given to them. It hangs loosely off of his shoulders, falling down well over the crotch of the borrowed sweatpants that he suddenly realizes fit him all too well to be Dream's. They land perfectly at his ankles, just the right length, and are

maybe even a little tight around his thighs. They must be George's.

It's sickeningly domestic, George keeping his clothes in Dream's dresser, and he shoves it closed, quickly shutting away the sight of George's beige jumper, multiple pairs of practically the same grey sweats, and the thoughts in his head.

Moving back to the large bed, he pushes one of Dream's long legs towards his body, away from where they had been splayed out on the mattress.

"Hey," he hears a soft voice say, muffled by how his head is nestled into his arms in a mimic of the position he'd seen Dream in when George first told him to 'flip,' how'd he'd been splayed out on the bed and melting under George's touch, just like he is now.

"Shit, sorry." Sapnap replies, pulling his hand back, "thought you were asleep." He shifts slightly, sitting near the edge of the mattress, unsure what to do.

"Ugh, cm'ere you idiot." Dream's words are slurred slightly with sleepiness and affection as he rolls over and pulls Sapnap down into a big hug. "How are you feeling?" He asks, his voice low, humming in his chest in a way Sapnap can feel reverberating through his own where they're pressed together.

"Um, I dunno," Sapnap shrugs, or tries to, but his arms are stuck in Dream's grasp, still strong despite how obviously tired he is. From how he's laying, Sapnap can see George's fond look falter a little bit, morphing into worry, and he quickly amends his statement. "Good! Yeah, just kinda..." he trails off, unsure how to describe the muffled, confusing emotions that rattling around his brain, "fuzzy. I guess."

"Mhm," Dream muses in agreement as George settles down on the other side of him. "It's nice, right?" His words are quietly spoken into Sapnap's hair.

"Yeah," Sapnap's deep breath turns into a yawn.

"Did you feel, like, floaty? At all?" Dream asks as he releases Sapnap from his arm, falling onto his back to allow George to nestle into his shoulder.

"Yeah, actually," Sapnap says, staring up at the ceiling, fingers interlocked over his chest, thinking of the times he'd drifted off as he sat in Dream's chair, watching the scene before him like a play. "That's a...good way to describe it."

"Oh, shit!" George laughs loudly, "Sapnap's a sub!"

"What!? Shut up!" Sapnap flies up into a sitting position and shoves George's shoulder that is shaking with giggles, "that's not true."

"And so what if it is?" He feels Dream's arm following the length of his spine as his large hand runs through his now-dry hair.

"I dunno, I guess I just- I'm not-"

"Come back here, Sap," Dream sighs, "Look, it's-no one is totally one or the other. And despite what wattpad may tell you, it doesn't mean that you're some twink bottom."

"Or that you're weak," George chimes in. "It takes a lot of balls to give yourself up like that."

From his position with his arms around his best friends, Dream can't bring his hands up to his face

to cover the flush that rises to his cheeks. Instead, he turns his head away from Sapnap to give George a gentle kiss on the forehead.

“George is just saying that because he *is* a twink bottom,” Sapnap says with a mischievous smirk. Leave it to the two of them to make him feel better. They always do, even if they’re inadvertently the root of his problems in the first place. That fact usually makes it all worse, after the fact.

George scoffs and tries to sit up to be on Sapnap’s level, but the strong arm around his shoulders prevents him from doing so. “Dream, I’m gonna kill him. Let go of me so I can kill him.”

Dream lets out a quiet, tired laugh, “no... I’m not going to let that happen.”

So what George had told him in their kitchen all those days ago was right, he thinks. Nothing had changed, not really. Their easy banter still comes naturally and to the same reactions. It didn't mean anything. Even if he might be slowly realizing that a tiny but loud part of him is screaming that he hoped it would. That this, all of it, will mean something, that things will change, even if it’s terrifying to think about that happening, to wonder why he wants it to.

Sapnap sighs, settling into Dream's chest and pulling a blanket up and over the three of them, holding it tightly as George already starts trying to hog it all. He's the last one to fall asleep, burdened by thoughts of him, and Dream, and George, and them as a couple, and the three of them as best friends, and his relationship with his friends individually, and a fleeting, hopeful thought of the three of them together as...something else. Something *more*.

Something that could keep making him feel the way he felt as he hears Dream's soft snores and feels his arm around him, as he hears and feels George shift around on Dream's other side, drawing himself in closer to his boyfriend and his best friend. And his other best friend who had been invited there for the night, but who fell into a perturbed sleep as he longed for more, to be here again, to always be here, like this, with them.

Chapter End Notes

Imk what u think in a comment, by leaving kudos, or if you feel so inclined, here is [my twitter](#)

curtain's close (epilogue)

Chapter Summary

this needed a happy ending

edit: if u need a song to listen to for this chapter i think "i want you" by mitski fits really well

"You're in the house
And I am here in the car
'Cause I just need a quiet place
Where I can scream
How I love you"

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Sapnap wakes up disoriented. He's facing the opposite way he had fallen asleep, in an unfamiliar location, with an unfamiliar presence behind him.

Suddenly, all of the memories of how he had ended up in this situation come crashing back to him, pulling him back to down earth from his dreamland. He moves away from the warm, inviting figure curled behind him that he now knows is Dream, having to wiggle out from where a heavy arm had been thrown around his waist.

He swallows, he needs to *go*. He'd spent far too long here, far longer than he'd been invited to stay. Far longer than he should have ever been here. Maybe any amount of time was too much, he thinks as he turns to look at Dream and George asleep on the bed he'd just climbed out of.

He spends a moment looking, then feels guilty about it, turning to grab his clothes where he had abandoned them on Dream's floor and debating whether or not he should change out of the borrowed pajamas now or later. Maybe if he does it now, he won't have to return them to the couple, won't have to remind them all of the fact that this had happened.

But he doesn't really want to spend any more time than he has to in here, anymore. He'd already far overstayed his welcome, and he takes a step towards Dream's door.

"Hey." An unexpected voice makes Sapnap jump. "Where're you going."

It's George, repeating in a hushed voice what he had asked him when he had tried to leave Dream's room after his shower, but this time...it isn't a question.

"Upstairs. To sleep." It's the truth, but not the whole truth. He is going upstairs, but probably won't be able to sleep for a long time. Mostly, he's just leaving.

George untangles himself from the covers and climbs over Dream's legs to the other side of the bed. Sapnap doesn't make a move to come back, so he stands up to meet him where he's standing near the door. "Why?"

Sapnap tells himself he's imagining the hurt in George's whispered question. Maybe it wouldn't make him feel better, he's not sure if George wanting him to stay or wanting him to go would hurt more, but it definitely would make it easier.

"I shouldn't be here."

George takes his hand and pulls him back to the bed. They sit on the edge of it with Dream, still asleep, behind them. George doesn't let go of his hand. "Sap. We invited you here."

"You...you invited me here to-to-" *to watch you have sex*, his mind finishes. *Not to join in, not to fall asleep next to you, not to imagine that this wouldn't be the only time.*

"We did." He's not sure if George is correcting him or reassuring him. Maybe both.

"I just..." Sapnap pulls his hand back so he can bury his face in his palms. Maybe this will be easier if he doesn't have to see George's perfect face where its' cast in the soft orange glow of the street lights outside Dream's windows. "I shouldn't have agreed to- I mean, I took it way too far and-"

"You didn't do anything we weren't comfortable with." He feels the hand he had abandoned squeezes his knee, grounding him.

"No...that's the problem," he finally looks back at George. That was part of the problem, Dream and George had been comfortable with it all. Tonight. He tries to correct himself, "I mean, not really. I'm the problem I...I don't think I thought about it in the same way as, um, as you guys."

"Can you help me understand what you mean?"

"*I shouldn't be here*," he repeats, trying to say a million things with those four simple words. "Like, in the middle of-of you guys, I'm-I didn't mean to-" His sentence gets choked up somewhere in between his brain and his lips, not that he was sure what he was going to say anyways.

"Hey, breathe." Sapnap hadn't realized he hadn't been. He tries to calm his shallow, panicked breaths down to match George's slow, controlled ones. "You're okay."

"I'm-it's *not*, George." He swallows, but it doesn't make the feelings go away. His breath is shaky again.

"Shh," George hushes him, but more for comfort than for the sake of the man sleeping behind them. "Let's lay down."

He lifts up the covers for Sapnap to climb under, then follows suit. He tries to put space between him and Dream, but it doesn't really work with the way George is laying in front of him, on the opposite side of the bed from where he was before. They're face to face, their noses are almost touching, but Sapnap can't bring himself to look at him.

He lets himself ride the wave of whispered honesty that overtakes his brain before the riptide of guilt and doubt can pull him under again. "I shouldn't've pretended like it wouldn't mean anything, like it wouldn't change anything, for me, not when you said you didn't want it to and I-"

"I never said that." George sees his eyes flash open at the feeling of his hand on his shoulder. He looks confused, and scared. "I said 'it doesn't have to change anything.' Because it doesn't have to, if you don't want it to. But...do you want it to?"

"George..." he lets his eyes flutter shut again as he breathes out his name, then squeezes them tight

at the implication of what George knows he's feeling. "*I'm sorry.*"

"Why're you sorry?"

"Because I just, like...ruined it. I mean, this is you guys, and-and I shouldn't have gotten in the middle of it."

George chuckles lightly at his unintentional double entendre. Sapnap is in the middle of it physically, in the middle of the bed, between him and Dream, and in the middle of a crisis, clearly. But he thinks he means in the middle of them, as boyfriends.

"I shouldn't have stuck myself in somewh-"

George cuts him off by tilting his face up to look at him before he can go any further. "You can't stick yourself in somewhere you were invited to be."

"No, George, you don't get it." Sapnap shakes his head. "You invited me for *tonight*, and I was being stupid when I said yes because I- I mean, I just-"

"D'you think you're being stupid because...because what if it wasn't *just tonight*?" Sapnap keeps talking in circles around the point George thinks he's trying to make, even though George keeps giving him avenues to say *yes*. It hurts that Sapnap won't even consider the possibility that George might want it, too. That he feels bad for even thinking about it.

"George, you-you should just let me go. I said I'm sorry, please just...I-I should leave."

George doesn't let him. He does quite the opposite, in fact, pulling Sapnap in against his chest so he can bury his face into the infamous smile hoodie. It hurts seeing anyone—especially someone he loves, and *especially* someone he loves as much as he loves Sapnap—try not to cry. He rubs gentle circles onto Sapnap's back over Dream's t-shirt, the one that George likes to borrow sometimes, too, as he tries to figure out what to say. He goes with the truth.

"We love you, Sap. More than anything, like...you-you're everything, to us." He looks down at the younger man and brushes Sapnap's fringe away from his face. "And I'm sorry I keep saying 'you' and then 'us,' because I think... that's what hurts?"

And that's it, with this assumption, he takes the leap for him. For the both of them, for all three of them.

Sapnap doesn't want to nod, doesn't want to admit to both George and himself that, yes, that's what hurts. That's what has *been* hurting. But he doesn't want to shake his head either, doesn't want to lie and deny it. He just looks down, away from George's gaze.

"We *love* you." George reiterates. He doesn't say it to Sapnap enough, he realizes.

"I know," Sapnap sighs, scrubbing at his eyes with the back of his hand. "But not like-I mean..."

"Not like what?"

"Not like how you guys...love each other, I guess." Sapnap finishes in a whisper. Now it's all out there, and he can't take it back. It's terrifying.

"Exactly," George feels Sapnap shy away from him, but he pulls him closer and barrels through the rest of his thoughts before he can make the younger man feel worse, "you *guessed*. But it's not true, for me, at least. And Dream too, I'm sure."

Sapnap doesn't respond, so he continues. "Look, love isn't...it isn't all separate. Like 'this is how you love your friends' and 'this is how you love your...I dunno, job,' and 'this is how you love a significant other.' It's all...blurry. It's all just *love*."

Sapnap is confused, he thinks he might understand a little of what George is trying to say, but his self-doubt takes over, as always. "But like...you're, *you guys*, and I'm...different."

"I'm trying to say that it's *not* different. I love you, and I love Dream. And he loves us both. And you love me, and you love him, yeah?"

"Yeah," Sapnap tries not to repeat himself, tries not to insist that it's *different*. That he holds the same love that Dream and George have for each other for the both of them, but that he knows ~~thinks~~ that they have a different kind of love for him.

George knows what he's thinking, and tries to convince him otherwise. "Sap...we love you because you're *you*. It's always been you. We wouldn't work, like, me and Dream, and all of us together, without you. Because it is, all of us, I mean. Together."

"It is?"

"It always has been. And it can be, for real, if you want it to be."

It's quiet for a long moment as they both think about what this all means, as Sapnap tries to convince himself that what George is saying is true, as George hopes that he hasn't pushed it too far. *He can't lose him*, he thinks.

"I know how scary it is, having to admit to yourself that you want...*more*. Trust me, it took me ages to even realize it with Dream," he huffs out a short, quiet laugh as he remembers the years he'd spent in Sapnap's position, "then to admit it to myself, and then I had to work up the courage to admit it to him."

"But I've found it's easier the second time around. With you, I mean. And it shouldn't have to be so hard for you, not when you already know I feel the same way."

"You do?" Sapnap's voice is less timid, he (both George and himself) think he's starting to believe him.

"Yeah, I really, really do."

"And Dream?" He sounds a little scared again as he brings up George's partner, the man who's still asleep, who's not present for their hushed conversation.

"Well, we haven't talked about it, specifically. Maybe we were both a little scared, too." He gives Sapnap another squeeze. "But I know him pretty well, I've heard him talk late at night about how much he loves you. I think we're all on the same page. I really do."

"What if we're not?" Sapnap says without thinking.

Well, he's been thinking about this for a long, *long* time, but has never included George in that 'we.'

"Well then, he's a big idiot who doesn't know what he's missing out on." George chuckles, "and he'll be a loser with only one boyfriend while I get to have two."

That word, that title, *boyfriend*, it hangs heavy in the air around the trio. But not heavy with

intimidation, or tension, or anything bad. Heavy with promise. With hopefulness. With *love*.

George lets it settle around them for a moment, almost feeling palpable joy and relief from his best friend, one of the people he loves most in this world, (his new boyfriend?) where he lays in his arms.

“We’ll have to talk about it,” he murmurs into Sapnap’s hair, “but I think Dream is going to be over the moon, honestly. I know how he looks at you.”

Sapnap pulls back to look incredulously up at George. “Like what?”

George smiles down at him fondly. “Like he wants to do this.” He cups Sapnap’s face in his hand, tilting it up and pulling him close enough to him that when he asks his next question, Sapnap can feel his lips moving against his own. “Can I?”

“Yeah.” He breathes out a definitive reply, letting his eyes fall shut.

And suddenly George is kissing him, slow and deep and languid but fiery and passionate and *loving*, and it’s everything he never knew he needed. Everything he never let himself long for, or imagine, or wish for when he saw him and Dream exchange the same kiss. George’s lips are soft and his body is warm and neither of them brushed their teeth so it should be disgusting but he doesn’t *care*, it’s absolutely perfect.

Until George pulls away from him to let out a big yawn into his elbow.

Sapnap tries to look mad, but he can’t wipe the stupidly big grin off of his face at the sight in front of him and the fact that *he had just kissed George*.

“Was I that boring?” He laughs light-heartedly—it’s the lightest his heart has felt since he can’t remember when—when George says sorry and tries to pull him back in.

“No, God no, that was perfect.” George lets out a laugh to match his own. “You just...wore me out, earlier.” Matching blushes rise to both of their faces at the memories of earlier that night.

Sapnap pulls George towards him, allowing himself to settle back into where Dream still lays curled up behind him. “We should sleep, then.”

“Yeah,” George yawns again. “Scoot over, though. I want his arm, too. He’s like a little personal heater.”

Sapnap laughs again as he feels himself be squished in between his two best friends, the people he loves more than anything. The people he might have new titles for come tomorrow, but that he knows that those two will stick around, too. *Best friends. People he loves. People he’s in love with.*

“I love you.” Now feels like a good time to say it out loud, again.

“I love you, too.” George says back, and Sapnap knows he means it in every way he wants him to, in every way that he feels, too.

It’s a while later, as George hears the deep, rhythmic breaths of sleep from the younger men fall into sync with each other, that he speaks up again. He has something else he wants to say, thinking it’s for Sapnap to hear.

He’s not sure if he’s asleep, maybe his words are just to himself, maybe one of them will hear it too, but he needs to say it.

"Don't be scared of talking to Dream. I don't think anything will really change, to be honest." He looks at where Dream and Sappnap are curled up against each other. "It'll just be...out there. Finally."

He hears a quiet, sleepy hum come from one of his two best friends. Maybe one of them heard him. Maybe they didn't, but he knows that they feel the same way. Finally.

Chapter End Notes

they r in love ur honor!!!!

lmk what u think in a comment, by leaving kudos, or if you feel so inclined, here is [my twitter](#)

End Notes

edit 7/18/21:

i went into this wanting to make everyone (and me) h-word (horny)

but i think i left you guys the other h-word? (hurt)

sorry

lol

lmk what u think in a comment, by leaving kudos, or if you feel so inclined, here is [my twitter](#)

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